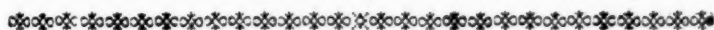


T H E
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
FOR
M A R C H, 1774.



The SCRIBBLER, No. III.

Man, savage man, the wildest beast of prey,
Assumes the face of kindness to betray;
His giant-strength against the weak employs,
And Woman—whom he should protect—destroys.
MOORE'S FOUNDLING.

IT has frequently been urged, to the prejudice of the Ladies, that they have naturally a greater propensity to evil than Men; and the defenders of this opinion have had recourse to a number of arguments to justify their assertion.—They have been particularly severe on the prevailing foibles of Vanity and Curiosity, which, though not very culpable in themselves, are yet accused of drawing their possessors into the most dangerous errors:—From these are said to arise Envy, Pride, Detraction, and a thousand other vices, which are equally injurious. I cannot, however, agree with these satyrists, in the propriety of their censures; as every day's experience gives me fresh reason to blush at the more glaring impieties of my own sex.

I would not be understood, as meaning to exculpate the Ladies entirely; for that they also have their faults, is an unquestionable truth; but the greater part of their

failings would, I am persuaded, almost wear the appearance of virtues, when compared with the more destructive principles, which too commonly form a considerable share in the characters of MEN.—For, allowing that the Ladies may, either through pride, or some other ruling passion, be led into many indiscretions, yet we have seldom an instance of their extending them to that enormity, which the “*Lords of the Creation*”^{*} are capable of arriving at. There is a peculiar delicacy implanted in the constitution of most Women, that serves to check the progress of every growing mischief, and destroys the opening buds of folly, ere they ripen into vice;—while the rude, unfeeling MAN, to whom Nature has given ideas of a much grosser kind, “*is from his cradle prone to every vice,*” and, regardless of the rules of justice and deco-

* An expression frequently used, when the respective merits of the sexes become the subject of debate.

rum, he hurries impetuously into the paths of infamy, nor hesitates at the commission of even the most atrocious crimes.

There are, indeed, some transactions, which require a considerable degree of bravery in the execution; and the man who resolutely attacks another on the highway, may at least plead in his defence, that he exposed his own life in the attempt;—but, what can we say in favour of the wretch, who is the betrayer of unsuspecting virtue? and where, amongst the catalogue of female crimes, shall we find an action that can equal this?—Surely, a man must be left to every sense of honour or humanity, who could assume the appearances of affection and esteem, for the purpose of betraying an innocent, virtuous girl; and yet, how very frequent are the instances of these abandoned villainies?—It must give a very great concern to every feeling person, when he reflects, that it is chiefly owing to the artifices of a pretended love, that our streets are crowded with unhappy females, who, from an ill-plac'd confidence in the professions of a villain, have been infamously deprived of the most valuable of their possessions, and, as a completion of their misery, were abandoned by their betrayer when they were in the greatest need of his assistance and protection; and notwithstanding much may be alleged against them, for their implicitly trusting to the professions of any man, yet this will in no wise extenuate the guilt of their seducers. MEN should ever consider it as their province, to protect and defend the weaker sex;—to shield them from the insults of the licentious, and to assist them in withstanding the dangers to which they are exposed; how despicable then must he appear, who can deviate from this noble and generous purpose, and instead of being the defender of their virtues, has the meanness to employ his utmost artifices to seduce and betray them?

How far the truth of these maxims may extend, let the manners of the world determine.

Some years ago, I was invited to dine with an acquaintance in Wiltshire, where many other friends were assembled, to celebrate the anniversary of his daughter's nuptials. The company consisted chiefly of young persons, and the occasion of the festival diffused a lively cheerfulness on the

countenance of every one. Among the many topics of conversation after dinner, the subject of Love happened to be introduced, and the question of—*What is Love?* being started, as it commonly is at such times, the sentiments of all present were desired thereupon; but their answers convinced me, that the greatest part of them knew very little of the matter.—One of them replied, that it was nothing more than a liking between the two sexes, and that it very often arose from outward appearance only:—another said, that it was a decree of fate, and too mysterious to be explained;—while a third maintained, that Love was only another name for an equality of sentiment, or a tender, disinterested friendship between man and woman. The question at length came to a more elderly lady at the lower end of the room, who gave us the following explanation of it.

“Love is, in my opinion, the noblest and best of passions;—it is superior even to the most tender friendship, and, though sometimes attended with an anxiety peculiar to itself, is yet productive of the greatest pleasure.—It refines and polishes the soul;—it dispels each sordid, selfish principle; and humanizes the whole form. I know it is too common to imagine that Love is wild and violent; alarmed at the bare sound of danger, and desperate in every opposition; but that which is founded on esteem, is calm and temperate, and is more capable of overcoming any difficulty, than the rash, inconsiderate passion, which is too often called by that name. It is impossible that either wealth or beauty should inspire this passion; it must derive its principal source from the qualifications of the mind; and the man who hopes to receive a proper return of his affection, should study to deserve it by the sincerity, honour, and generosity of his behaviour, and should be attentive even to the smallest circumstance, which can entitle him to a good opinion.—But this is not to be obtained by putting on the idle fopperies of dress or gaiety; for it is not the sword which distinguishes the brave, nor the embroidered coat which denotes the man of merit. His actions, and these alone must determine his worth, and gain the favour of her he loves. Actuated by this principle, he will carefully avoid every proceeding that may be construed into meanness or dishonour, and will endeavour

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endeavour to act in every respect as becomes the man, the protector, and the friend. A conduct like this seldom fails of meeting with a just reward, and the occasion of our meeting here gives us a very pleasing proof of it."

The amiable pair blushed their acknowledgments to the lady, and the company returned their thanks for the instruction she had given them; but one of the young gentlemen desiring to know why she had confined herself to the behaviour of MEN only, she proceeded thus:

"It has always appeared to me, that the event of any tender connexion between young people is dependent on the conduct of the men; for as they are allowed by custom to make their advances to whom they please, so they assume the privilege of changing, as often as they are attracted by new charms. This I say of men in general;—but persons of this character cannot be ranked under the denomination of LOVERS;—their professions are nothing but the basest hypocrisy; and I can easily suppose him to be capable of the highest degree of wickedness, who could attempt to engage the affections of a woman, unless his heart, as well as his tongue, were concerned in the contract. Yet I must acknowledge, that if the appearance of a man is agreeable, we are too apt to give him credit for the rest, and to place an unguarded faith in what he says.—But are they to take advantage of this weakness, and pursue us till we are lost beyond redemption? I could scarcely believe such monsters existed, did not my own knowledge furnish me with a striking instance of it.—The story is not unworthy your attention, and with your permission I will relate it."

A general silence testified the approbation of them all, and the lady thus began:

"In the younger part of my life, during the time I was at a boarding-school near London, I became acquainted with a young lady, whose father had an estate not many miles distant from the town where my parents lived. We were then a considerable distance from home, and as we were the only two boarders who came from that part of the kingdom, our intimacy soon increased, and ripened by degrees into a sincere and tender friendship. When we left the school, we often visited each other, and sometimes continued together for several weeks.—

Should I attempt to describe this lady, according to my own sentiments of her, you might perhaps think I were too partial; but the opinion of her acquaintance in general is a testimony that cannot be disputed. She was allowed by THEM to be possessed of every virtue that reason could expect, or human nature be endowed with. Her person was genteel and graceful, and in her looks there was an inviting cheerfulness, accompanied with a serenity which innocence and conscious virtue only could bestow.

After having described her thus amiable and deserving, you will easily conclude that she was soon addressed in the language of love. Her father kept a good deal of company; and if his elder guests were pleased with Eliza's modesty and prudence only, the younger ones felt a transport of a more endearing kind; but they were sensible of her superior merit, and few of them had the fortitude to declare their passion. Among those, however, who ventured to solicit an alliance with her, was a young gentleman, to whom you will permit me to give the name of Florio. He was the only son of a neighbouring Baronet, who had been intimate with Eliza's family, and he had, on that account, the greater reason to hope that his addresses would not be refused.

Florio had many personal advantages, but had suffered greatly from a mistaken notion in his education; for the eagerness of his father to introduce him into the world, had been carried to such an excess, that by being too early trusted to the guidance of his own inclinations, he had run out into many fashionable extravagancies, without thinking of the danger they might be attended with. Vice, however, had not yet made an inroad on his morals; and, notwithstanding his gaiety, he was universally beloved and respected. By the assiduity of his addresses, he obtained a promise of Eliza's hand, and the friends on both sides were pleased with the approaching union of the two lovers.

But there are some men in the world, whose only happiness is in the search of distant pleasure; security is to them an enjoyment; and they are either palled with the certainty of possession, or ambitiously aspiring to some new conquest. Thus it was with Florio. He well knew, that he had unalterably engaged the affections of Eliza,

and that she loved him almost to an excess; yet this consideration served only to make him indifferent, and to excite in him an impatience for obtaining the same triumphs over the affections of another.

Just about this time, Florio was called from home, to give evidence on a trial in the Court of King's Bench; and having accidentally met with one of his Wiltshire acquaintances, during his stay in town, they agreed to return together, and to make Bath in their way. On the second evening of their stay at Bath, they were invited to a private ball, at the house of one of Florio's friends; and here our young gentleman found an opportunity of transferring his professions of love to a new object. — His attention was riveted by the engaging appearance of his partner, who seemed, at least in *his* eyes, to possess a thousand beauties, which his keenest penetration had not been able to discover in the now neglected Eliza. Miss Wilton was the daughter of a merchant of some eminence in London; and it must be acknowledged, that she had the several valuable accomplishments of beauty, merit, and fortune. To this lady, then, did Florio address himself, and employ every art of which he was master, to render himself agreeable to her. His designs were unhappily attended with success, and when he handed her to her chaise, she readily gave him a direction where to visit her the next morning.

He called on her accordingly, and after the necessary forms of enquiring after her health, &c. were over, and the amusements of the preceding evening were renewed by their observations on them, he declared his love for her in due form, protesting that his happiness could not be complete without her, and calling heaven and earth to witness his sincerity and truth. To say more would have been needless; Miss Wilton was already prepossessed in his favour, and he found no great difficulty in persuading her to receive him as her lover. Mrs. Wilton, who was then at Bath with her daughter, was made acquainted with his proposals, and permitted him to continue his addresses, if her enquiries concerning him should produce a satisfactory information. From this step Florio had nothing to fear; he was known by many genteel families in Bath, but as his connection with Eliza had not yet come to their knowledge,

they made no scruple of displaying his character to the best advantage, and Mrs. Wilton was enraptured with the success of her enquiries.

Having succeeded so far, Florio now thought it necessary to write to Eliza, apologizing for his long and disagreeable absence, and lamenting that some unforeseen business had obliged him to go to Bath, where he would be unavoidably detained a few days longer. The principal difficulties being thus removed, he appeared in public with Miss Wilton, and their intimacy soon became generally known; nor was the rumour confined to the circle of Bath alone; it was at length conveyed to the ears of my unhappy friend, who, when she was first informed of this change in his behaviour, would scarcely give any credit to it, as she judged, from the sincerity of her own heart, that he could have no deceit, and waited, though not without some anxiety, for the day in which he had promised to return: — but when she afterwards received the CERTAIN account of his being married to Miss Wilton, and that, instead of returning to convince her of that love which he had professed, he had set off for London, — her utmost fortitude was unable to withstand the stroke; successive faintings brought on a decay in her constitution, and after gradually declining for a few months, she fell a victim to the infidelity of the wretched and abandoned Florio.

On his part, he was far from expressing any concern at her death; his accuser was now no more; and he had little reason to fear the reproaches of his own conscience; as his heart had long been steeled against every good sentiment.

Eliza was not the only sufferer by his villainy; for the feeble ties of matrimony were soon broke through; and he who had been the most ardent of lovers, and had rested all his hopes of happiness on the possession of his adorable Miss Wilton, became now the worst of husbands. He was lost to every idea of domestic felicity, and sought for his enjoyments in the bagnio or the tavern; till his unfortunate, though deserving wife, whose tenderness and affection for him demanded every return which he could give, — unable to bear the repeated insults of his indifference and neglect —

sunk

self in a little cheating at cards.—She has made it her vocation.

The Tradesman, who assures you upon his honest word, that he will deal justly with you, yet sells you his worst commodities at the highest price, and exults at over-reaching you,—is a good man, and only labouring in his vocation.

The Infidel, who, fond of an evil fame, would rob you of a religion that inculcates virtue, and ensures happiness as a reward; who laughs at an hereafter, and takes from you the only expectation that can make life endurable,—is a dealer in truth, and only labouring in his vocation.

The Author, who, to ensure a sale to his works, throws out his slanders against the good, and poisons the young and virtuous by tales of wantonness and indecency,—is a writer of spirit, and only labouring in his vocation.

To take characters in the gross;—the Gamester who cheats you at play, the Man of Pleasure who corrupts the chastity of your wife, the Friend who tricks you in a horse, the steward who defrauds you in his accounts, the Butler who robs you of your wine, the Footman who steals your linen, the Housekeeper who overcharges you in her bills, the Gardener who sends your fruit to market, the Groom who starves your horses to put their allowance in his pocket;—in short, the whole train of servants who impose upon you in the several articles entrusted to their care,—are only receiving their lawful perquisites, and labouring in their vocation.

I know but of one sort of men who ought commonly to be excepted in this general charge; and those are the Projectors. The schemes of all such gentlemen are usually too romantic to impose upon the credulity of the world; not being able to plunder their employers,—they are labouring in their vocation, only to cheat themselves.

I would not be misunderstood upon this occasion, as if I meant to advise all people to be honest, and to do as they would be done by, in their several vocations; far be it from me to intend any such thing: I am as well assured as they are, that it would not answer their purposes. The Tyrant would have no glory, without conquest; his Minister, no followers without bribes;

the Patriot, no place without opposition; the Patron, no flatterers without promising; the Man in Office, no perquisites without fraud; the Divine, no pluralities without time-serving; the Lawyer, no clients without lying; the Physician, no practice without apothecaries; the tradesman, no country-houses without exacting; the Fine Lady, no routs without cheating; the Infidel, no fame without proselytes; the Author, no dinner without slander and wantonness. The Gamester would be undone, the Man of Pleasure inactive, the Gentleman Jockey would sell his horse at half price; the Steward, the Butler, Footman, Housekeeper, Gardener, and Groom, and the whole train of Servants, lose their necessary perquisites.

The old maxim, that "Honesty is the best Policy," has been long ago exploded; but I am firmly of opinion, that the appearance of it might be well put on, and promote a man's interest, tho' the reality must destroy it: I would therefore recommend it to persons in all vocations, (if it be but by way of trial, and for the novelty of the thing) to put on now and then the appearance of a little Honesty. Most men have a natural dislike to be cheated with their eyes open; and, tho' it is the fashion of the times to wear no concealment, yet, to deceive behind the mask of Integrity, has been deemed the most effectual method. To further this end, the appearance of a small portion of Religion would not be amiss; but I would by no means have this matter overdone, as it commonly is. Going to prayers every day, or singing psalms on a Sunday, in a room near the street, may look a little suspicious, and set the neighbours upon the watch; nor would I advise that a Tradesman should stand at his shop door with a prayer-book in his hand, or that a Lawyer should carry The Whole Duty of Man in his bag to Westminster-hall, and read it in court, as often as he sits down. There are other methods that may answer the purpose of cheating much better. A yea and nay conversation, interrupted with a few sighs and groans for the iniquities of the wicked, and loud responses at church, long graces at meals, with here and there a godly book lying in the window, or places most in sight, will be of singular utility. But further than this I would by no means advise.

To

To those gentlemen and ladies, who follow no vocation, and who have therefore no immediate interest in cheating, I would recommend the practice of honesty, before the appearance of it. As such persons stand in no need of a cloak, I shall say nothing to them of religion, only that the reality of it might be useful to them in afflictions, or if ever they should bethink themselves that they shall one day die, it might possibly alleviate the bitterness of so uncommon a thought. To do as they would be done by, would in all probability render them happier in themselves, and lead them to the enjoyment of new pleasures in the happiness of others.

THE IMPERTINENT.

CURIOSITY, whilst it prompts us to the improvement of the mind, and the acquisition of useful knowledge, is a laudable passion, and cannot be too much encouraged; but when it stimulates us to be inquisitive about the affairs of others, in which we have not the least pretence to busy ourselves, and to pry into family secrets, merely for the sake of publishing them to the world, it is the source of a thousand impertinencies, and very justly exposes those who are of so inquisitive a disposition to the most contemptible treatment. This is one of the failings of human nature; which, though it may not always deserve to be exclaimed against with the utmost severity of satire, ought certainly to be attacked with the keenest raillery, and exhibited in ridiculous colours.

Sir Charles Medlar is the most finished Impertinent that ever existed, but at the same time so civil a creature, that you do not know how to be angry with him, tho' you are ever so much surfeited with the nothingness of his conversation. This good humour happens to be as boundless as his curiosity, otherwise his company would be insupportable; and even with all his civility, poor Sir Charles treats his friends so plentifully with private intelligence, that most of them, tired of his secrets, give orders to be denied, when he longs to break into their privacy. Rebuffs of this kind he often meets with, but they have no effect upon him. The Impertinent is never disconcerted. You cannot put him out of countenance. If you seem embarrassed

with his company, and inattentive to his conversation, he will suppose that something has happened to put you out of humour, but never imagines there can be the least connection between his visit and your vapours. If your spirits are down to-day, they may be up to-morrow, and away he whisks to somebody who will give him a more patient hearing.

Sir Charles had worried his old friend, Lord Murray, so much with his tittle-tattle, that his Lordship gave absolute orders to his Porter, forbidding his admittance.—Sir Charles came as usual:—"My Lord's not at home, Sir."—"Ha, my dear friend Otho—pray, Sir, give me leave to speak to the monkey;"—and away he flew up stairs to his Lordship, whom he took by surprise, and from whom, after he had discharged all his *nibilities*, he returned with equal precipitation. The Impertinent is always in a hurry, and never can stay long in a place, for restlessness is his distinguishing characteristic. My Lord's anger at being so unexpectedly interrupted, produced a promise from the Porter, that Sir Charles should not give him the slip again. But the Knight was too nimble for him.—"Is my Lord at home."—"No, Sir."—"Pray, Sir, what says your clock; my watch stands, and I must set it right;" and away he flew a second time, to make a second attack upon his Lordship's tranquillity. His intrusion quite unhinged his Lordship, who told the fellow in the most peremptory manner, that if ever he admitted Sir Charles again, he should be turned away directly. The Porter, thoroughly alarmed, was determined not to lose his place; and therefore, when Sir Charles knocked the next day, half opened the door, held it in his hand, and without giving him time to speak, bawled out,—"My Lord's gone out—the monkey's dead—and the clock's broke—and slapped the door in his face.

A LETTER to a FRIEND,

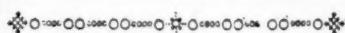
On his MARRIAGE, at the Age of SIXTY-TWO.

WELL then, my dear friend, you have at last entered, you say, into the primitive state of Matrimony, and ask my opinion of it—somewhat of the latest,

I must confess. I can therefore only answer you in the customary initial words of our friend Tully, in his Epistles — “If you are well, I am.” However, it may be worth while to observe to you, that Love, the usual motive, is not truly great till it is improved into the noblest of all human passions, which is Friendship. In this respect I find you have much the advantage of us, by having married an old acquaintance. — You begin at that point, at which some few wise persons arrive with difficulty; but the bulk of mankind never. You had beforehand secured that well grounded friendship which should be the principal aim of every marriage-contract. When there is no union of souls, the junction of bodies must be very flat and insipid, indeed a foolish affair, and puts one in mind of Horace’s piece, which is called AFTER. — In consequence of this, you have gained another valuable point, which is absolutely necessary to matrimonial happiness, — an easy deference, complacency, and studiousness to oblige. This is the child of true friendship, and therefore inseparable from it. This will furnish mutual endearment. You do well to wish for no other; and this shall make you always happy. For the hey-day of the blood is over on both sides. The world is sufficiently peopled, and a person of substance can never want an heir, while there is one honest man left in it. To this purpose I believe it was that the ancients in the same temple with Venus always placed the statue of Mercury, the god of eloquence, address, and persuasion. Young people are apt to make too free with, which at last makes them rude to, one another. There is a certain — Decency shall I call it, or rather Delicacy, requisite — without which even respect, much less love, will not long be kept alive. So that, whatever image of this state they may fashion to their own fancy, they will find it no Venus, if unattended by the Graces.

What a number of unhappy marriages do we daily see, purely for want of this way of thinking. Where the pretty creatures become so unreasonably familiar, as to entertain, in a very short time, the most sovereign contempt of each other. — There is a most severe piece of wit somewhere in Dr. Swift’s letters, which is too justly applicable to the subject. “My friends (says he) are always teasing me to

stay with them. For their sakes I could almost wish myself married; for then I should not be so unwilling to lie from home.”



HINTS to the INTEMPERATE.

TO the credit of our nation be it spoken, the English are become a much more sober people than they were, to my remembrance, fifty years ago. Yet the approaching business of Elections seems to bid fair for restoring the ancient mode of wasting the night with senseless jollity and clamorous noise. It would behove such quarrelsome folk to consider well the advice of Horace, who was no enemy to the social glass, in the language of his translator, Mr. Francis, lib. 1. ode 27.

With glasses form’d for gay delight,
’Tis Thracian, savage rage to fight;
With such intemperate bloody fray,
Fright not the modest god away.
Monstrous! to see the dagger shine,
Amid the cheerful joys of wine.
Here — bid this impious clamour cease,
And press the social couch in peace.

But to those who are not disposed to listen to this salutary admonition, I would recommend another practice in use among some of their brethren, the Thracian gentry abovementioned, by which they may distinguish themselves in a very eminent manner, and take the lead of all the company. These people, as Seleucus in Atheneus, lib. 4. cap. 14. informs us, had a custom of *playing at hanging*, for the diversion of their guests; which was done in this manner. — A large stone was placed in the middle of the room, over which a rope hung perpendicularly from the beam above. — Several of them cast lots who should hang. The man, on whom the lot fell, mounted the stone with a sharp bill-hook in his hand. When he had properly fastened the rope about his neck, one of the company went forward, push’d away the stone from under his feet, and left him hanging. If in that situation he was dextrous enough to cut the rope, all was well: Otherwise, he continued capering till he was strangled and dead, to the great entertainment of the spectators.

The same author, in another part of his work, lib. 2. cap. 17. introduces Baechus himself

himself making the following address to his votaries, which I shall give you in plain English, for the benefit of such of your readers as understand not the original.

To his convivial guests thus Bacchus cries,
I fill three glasses only for the wife:

The FIRST for health; for love and pleasure best

The SECOND; and the THIRD invites to rest.
This done, with sober, yet with cheerful heart,
The sons of wisdom to their homes depart.

If by a FOURTH these limits you surpass,
It is not Ours, but Contumely's glass:

The FIFTH is clamour; revelling the NEXT;
The SEVENTH with bruised and blacken'd eyes is vex'd;

The EIGHTH breeds law; the NINTH is passion all;

The TENTH is madness—and the drunkards fall.

Thus wine, oft swallow'd from a little can,
Supplants the feet, and drowns the sense of man.

ON PUNNING.

THERE is a species of wit, called a Pun, which most people think themselves qualified to make, but very few really are so. It is of such a nature, that it must be superlatively excellent, or it ceaseth to be striking; like good liquor, it should always have a grateful smack behind, or you may conclude it wants the necessary qualifications requisite to make it relishing. I am led into a reflection upon this subject, from associating with a set of persons who are always punning upon every word that is said. And I assure you, that tho' I have a very great respect for my companions, yet their conduct in this particular is so exceedingly disgusting, that I have little or no pleasure in their company. It has often astonished me, that persons even of common understanding have not seen the impropriety of this sort of behaviour. To be perpetually quibbling upon words, and putting forced constructions upon them, either argues a want of judgment in themselves, or a very mean opinion of their friends understanding. Besides, those kind of people, to supply the want of True Wit, and to conceal their own ignorance, frequently burst into a loud horse laugh, which stuns two-thirds of the company; and this is what they call spending a cheerful evening.

MISCELL. VOL. I.

Tho' I may be thought an enemy to Wit by those refined people, yet I assure you I have vast pleasure in the company of men of genius; and whenever I meet with persons of that stamp, I consider myself possess'd of an opportunity of improving my understanding, and enlarging my ideas, by attending to the conversation; but I am deprived of this pleasure, if a Pundit happens to make one of the company; for his boisterous behaviour, and forced jokes, are a perfect check upon all topics of rational conversation; they preclude a man from speaking upon any subject which may improve the mind, tho' the other part of the company may be desirous to promote the real end of society, by communicating their sentiments upon the occurrences of the day, with a view to take the several opinions then present; yet persons of modesty will decline delivering it, if they are the least apprehensive their expressions will be carp'd upon. A meer Pundit is the most disagreeable fellow you can meet with in company; by endeavouring to use an instrument he is not master of, like a fiddle in the claws of a cat, it only produces discordant sounds. I assure you I have known one of these sort of gentry begin his fun at five, and continue it till twelve at night; and whilst he has been laughing and roaring like a mad bull at his own jokes, the rest of the company have been at a loss to know whether they should pity or despise his conduct. I hope what I have said will suffice to shew what a pernicious thing this sort of wit is to society.

ORIGINAL Letter of Lady MARY
WORTLEY MONTAGUE, to Mrs.
F ——. R.

IT is very unkind, dear Madam, to offer at excuses, when you are doing a thing so obliging to me, as writings will always be from you. Your letters have every merit; but had they no other, than that of informing me of your health, and continued friendship, they would be more welcome to me than all the news of Europe; which never gives me any curiosity, but as it regards those very few for whom I am interested. However, I return you many thanks for your enclosed poetry, which has served to mend my figure amongst my neighbours, by intelligence from Paris.

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I have never heard from Monsieur Motel since that evening we saw him together. I can suppose nothing less than a mortal sickness, if not death itself, could prevent his waiting on you, with whom he seem'd to charm'd. I did not doubt your seeing him at your toilet next morning.

My greatest pleasure here is talking of you with Miss Carters. I have the comfort of vegetating under a warm sun, and as I propose nothing more active for the remains of my existence, I am content with the common enjoyments of air and sunshine, which perhaps pay for those more refined at London and Paris.

Whenever you have leisure, dear Madam, to bestow a few moments on a distant, useless friend; be assured that your goodness will be always most sensibly felt, and gratefully acknowledged, by

Your faithful humble servant,

Avignon,
July 15, N. S.

M. W. M.

LETTER from Mrs. ANN BINDON,
to Mr. RALPH T—SSE.

WELL, here it is; now if I should not find you immediately go distracted, if you do not blow your nose in your stocking, clap your wig on your feet, break your fiddle, and repeat heroicks, then have I spread my nets in vain. But to be serious; I was sorry to find, by Mr. Warren, that your honour was laid in the dust: Mr. Slooper, I suppose, argued the case, brought his action, recover'd damages, and all (I trust) is well. Since your departure, I have forsaken the Pump; as I cannot sit without a man at my elbow, and we have none left, I was under a necessity of withdrawing. I believe I might (I speak without vanity) engage Tom of Cornhill; but if I should, I am apprehensive he would dispose of my friendship by inch of candle; and I dread an auction at this time, joy's having given me a suscit. Sir Thomas Bland, and old Every, are like to have a duel about Lady Manwaring. Your friend, Mr. Laws, is much improved in face-drawing. Sir Anthony Henly is returned, not more polite than you left him. I have a cursed pen; possibly you will wish I netted more, and wrote less: However, I

must not end abruptly, without thanking you for your conversation while here, and bespeaking a large share of it, when you next vouchsafe us a visit. In the mean time, do me the justice to believe my being, with truth,

Your obliged humble servant.

Bath, June the 11th, 1740.

ORIGIN of the CUSTOM (peculiar to England) of the LADIES serving at their own Tables.

IN former days, when men of large fortune lived constantly at their mansion, or manor-houses, the Good Ladies, their wives, as constantly served out to the poor, weekly, with their own hands, a certain quantity of bread, and were therefore called the *Les-days*—two Saxon words, signifying *Bread-givers*. As the practice became less frequent, the words were soon corrupted; and the mistress of the manor continues to be called, to this day, the *Lady* of it; i. e. the *Les-day*.

And as the *Les-day* served the poor with her own hands at the gate, the rich at her table claimed the same mark of her favour. I need scarcely add, that this practice was most in fashion, when the Lord of the Manor never went to London, but by command of the King, or on some private business, and when neither wives or daughters knew any more of that city than our modern Ladies do now of Constantinople.—If I should say that the great convenience and utility of turnpike roads is one of the causes of the dearth of provisions, and one which tends to even the destruction of this kingdom, there are men of sense who would subscribe to it. At present, I shall only say that it conveys the *Les-days* too often from their proper employments at their manor-houses.

REMUS.

Bath, 1774.

SOCIETY dangerous to HONEST MEN.

IF twenty thousand naked Americans were not able to resist the assaults of but twenty well-armed men, I see little possibility for one honest man to defend himself against twenty thousand knaves, who are all furnished with the defensive arms of worldly prudence, and the offensive

live

five too of craft and malice. He will find no less odds than this against him, if he has much to do in human affairs. The only advice, therefore, which I can give him is, to be sure not to venture his person any longer in the open campaign, to retreat and entrench himself, to stop up all avenues, and draw up all bridges, against so numerous an enemy.

The truth of it is, that a man in much business must either make himself a knave, or else the world will make him a fool; and, if the injury went no further than the being laughed at, a wise man would content himself with the revenge of retaliation; but the case is much worse; for these civil cannibals too, as well as the wild ones, not only dance about such a taken stranger, but at last devour him. A sober man cannot get too soon out of drunken company; though they be never so kind and merry among themselves, it is not unpleasant only, but dangerous.

Do you wonder, that a virtuous man should love to be alone? It is hard for him to be otherwise: he is so, when he is among ten thousand. Neither is the solitude so uncomfortable to be alone without any other creature, as it is to be alone in the midst of wild beasts. Man is to man all kind of beasts, a fawning dog, a roaring lion, a thieving fox, a robbing wolf, a dissembling crocodile, a treacherous dove, and a rapacious vulture. The civilised, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous. There is some moderation and good-nature in those cannibals, who eat no men but their enemies; whilst we, learned and polite and christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon every thing that we can swallow.

It is the great boast of elegance and philosophy, that they first congregated men dispersed, united them into societies, and built up the houses and the walls of cities. I wish they could unravel all they had woven, that we might have our woods and our innocence again, instead of our castles and our policies. They have assembled many thousands of scattered people into one body. It is true they have done so, they have brought them together into cities to cozen, and into armies to murder one another. They found them hunters and fishers of their brethren, they boast of hav-

ing reduced them to a state of peace; when the truth is, they have only taught them an art of war. They have framed, I must confess, wholesome laws for the restraint of vice; but they raised first that devil, which now they conjure and cannot bind. Though there were before no punishments for wickedness, yet there was less committed, because there were no rewards for it.

But the men who praise philosophy from this topic, are much deceived. Let oratory answer for itself; the tinkling perhaps of that may unite a swarm. It never was the work of philosophy to assemble multitudes, but to regulate only and govern them, when they were assembled; to make the best of an evil, and bring them, as much as is possible, to unity again. Avarice and ambition only were the first builders of towns and founders of empires: they said, "Go to, let us build us a city, and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the earth." What was the beginning of Rome, the metropolis of all the world? What was it but a concourse of thieves, and a sanctuary of criminals? It was justly named by the augury of no less than twelve vultures, and the founder cemented his walls with the blood of his brother. Not unlike to this was the beginning even of the first town too in the world, and such is the original sin of most cities.

Lucretius, though a good poet, was but an ill-natured man, when he said, it was delightful to see other men in a great storm; and no less ill-natured should I think Democritus, who laughed at all the world, but that he retired himself so much out of it, that we may perceive he took no great pleasure in that kind of mirth. I have been drawn twice or thrice by company to go to Bethlem, and have seen others very much delighted with the fantastical extravagancies of so many various madneses, which upon me wrought so contrary an effect, that I always returned, not only melancholy, but even sick with the sight. My compassion there was perhaps too tender, for I met a thousand mad-men abroad without any perturbation; though, to weigh the matter justly, the total loss of reason is less deplorable than the total depravation of it. An exact judge of human blessings,

of riches, honours, beauty, even of wit itself, than to pay the abuse of them more than they want.

Briefly, though a wife man could pass ever so securely through the great roads of human life, yet he will meet perpetually with so many objects and occasions of compassion, grief, shame, anger, hatred, indignation, and all passions but envy (for he will find nothing to deserve that) that he had better strike into some private path, nay, go so far if he could out of the common way, that he might not so much as hear of the actions of the Sons of Adam. But whither shall we fly then? Into the deserts, like the ancient hermits?

One would think, that all mankind had bound themselves by an oath to do all the wickedness they can; that they had all, as the scripture speaks, "sold themselves to sin." The difference only is, that some are a little more easy (and but a little, God knows) in making of the bargain. I thought, when I went first to dwell in the country, that without doubt I should have met there with the simplicity of the old poetical golden age: I thought to have found no inhabitants there, but such as the shepherds of Sir Philip Sydney in Arcadia, or of Monsieur d'Urfé upon the banks of Lignon, and began to consider with myself, which way I might recommend no less to posterity the happiness and innocence of the men of Chertsey; but, to confess the truth, I perceived quickly, by infallible demonstrations, that I was still in Old England, and not in Arcadia, or La Forest; that, if I could not content myself with any thing less than exact fidelity in human conversation, I had almost as good go back, and seek for it in the court, in the Exchange, or Westminster-Abbey. I ask again then, whither shall we fly, or what shall we do? The world may so come in a man's way, that he cannot choose but salute it. If by any lawful vocation, or just necessity, men happen to be married to it, I can only give them St. Paul's advice, "Brethren, the time is short; it remains, that they that have wives be as though they had none; but I would that all men were even as I myself."

In all cases, they must be sure that they retain the superiority and headship over it. Happy are they, who can get out of the sight of this deceitful beauty, that they

may not be led so much as into temptation; who have not only quitted the metropolis, but can abstain from ever seeing the next market-town of their country. [*Lond. M.*]

CRUELTY and BENEVOLENCE
contrasted.

A Poor man rented a small farm of a wealthy country 'squire, at so high a rent, that it was with the utmost labour and diligence he was enabled to procure the necessities of life for a numerous family. An accident, occasioned by the overflowing of a river running through his meadows, swept before it the greater part of his crop of hay. This rendered it impossible for him to be punctual in the payment of his rent; he was above six months in arrear. In vain he implored a short forbearance from his landlord, till the next crop should enable him to discharge the whole. The 'squire was inexorable; his heart was a stranger to pity; he listened not to the soft whispers of humanity. He ordered his steward, whose heart was as callous as his own, to distrain the stock and goods of this laborious husband-man; and, though the effects he had seized sold for considerably more than the rent he demanded, he refused to give any account of the surplus. Unable to litigate the action with his powerful landlord, he must have submitted to his oppression, and have sunk under the hand of poverty, had not the humanity of a neighbouring Gentleman snatched him from ruin. The relation of this poor man's distresses roused all the powers of humanity: He repaid to the 'squire, and gave him to understand, that, if he did not immediately refund the overplus of the farmer's effects, he would have recourse to the laws of his country, which were calculated to defend the indigent against the oppressions of the powerful. Intimidated by the fear of punishment, he immediately paid the overplus he had so unjustly detained, and which this generous Gentleman directly restored to the oppressed and desponding owner. Nor did his goodness stop here. Convinced of his honest endeavours to prosper, he raised a subscription for his benefit among the Gentlemen of his acquaintance, and contributed largely to it himself. This charitable assistance enabled the farmer to fly from oppressions, and become tenant to a person of more worth and humanity; under whom

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whom he now lives with satisfaction and content; omits no opportunities of improving his little stock by all the cheerful efforts of industry; and is constantly repeating the purest strains of gratitude to his noble benefactor.

This story affords us a lively representation of two opposite characters. In the one we have a true picture of justice and beneficence; virtues which are at once truly ornamental, congenial with our nature, and conducive to the happiness of mankind: In the other a perfect idea of injustice and inhumanity; vices which disgrace humanity, and are destructive to society.

[Univ. Mag.]

CHARACTER of the PRESENT AGE.

IT has been common, in all ages, for interested writers to give such a colouring to their representations as they judged would be most agreeable to the eye of their Patron, while the uninfluenced part of mankind have generally concurred in condemning the present times, and extolling the past.

If we, however, turn over the annals of antiquity, we shall find that they who existed, at the several distant periods daily recommended to our admiration, have been no less severe in censuring those times, than our modern Patriots are in stigmatising the present.

Human nature has undoubtedly been the same in all ages; a mixture of vices and virtues has always composed the characters of mankind, though they have appeared, at different times, under various modes; but the general character of particular nations has been constantly determined by the example of the great and ruling men of the State: If they have been wise and virtuous, the people have been good and honest; if they have been vigilant and brave, the people have been bold and enterprising.

That the character of the present age is neither glorious, nor amiable, is a melancholy truth which seems to be universally admitted: Yet without doubt, there is as much spirit and virtue in individuals now as in the days of heroism.

There is, however, reason to think that the distinguishing characteristic of the present age has not yet been determined. It has, indeed, been affirmed, by a late writer, to

be that of a luxurious effeminacy; and perhaps some appearances concur which seemingly justify this peremptory conclusion.

But, if we extend our views, it will, perhaps, appear to be at once both hasty and erroneous: And we ought to be careful how we judge of a national character from a few particular circumstances, too inconsiderable to warrant a general determination.

It is true, indeed, as he observes, that we too often see warriors decorated with all the delicacies of dress, with all the trappings of effeminacy, swimming in sedan-chairs, and exhibiting the appearance of a hero in an Italian opera; but it is also as true that we frequently behold men of the first rank and fortune wading through the dirt of London, disguised in a garb almost too mean for the apparel of a porter.

If we attend them into the country, we may see them, in the heat of a dangerous fox-chace, fly over five-barred gates with intrepidity, and run, with furious speed, down a dangerous steep at the hazard of their necks: At other times we may view them, from the rising to the setting of the sun, slaving over hedge and ditch, in quest of feathered prey: Sometimes we may behold them ride their own horses at Newmarket, and pant round the course with Olympic spirit, emulous to seize the noble pride of jockeyship. These robust exercises are not the criterions of effeminacy: Nor does that appear to be the reigning quality to which we are to refer the seeming want of spirit, and the absence of other virtues.

Effeminacy is refined in its pleasures, gentle in its manners, and passive in its obedience. But, whatever progress some individuals may have made towards this lost refinement, yet, as a nation, we are still indelicate in our enjoyments, uncourteous in our behaviour, and daring in disobedience.

Might the Writer of this little Essay presume to determine the real character of the age, he would not hesitate to declare that SELFISHNESS is the ruling principle. However men are attached to different vices and follies, yet the majority concur in this, that they are all actuated by this sordid and pernicious quality. It has taken such deep root in Britain that it is become a part of modern

modern wisdom, and included under that fashionable summary of all accomplishments, called 'knowledge of the world.'

A man who is said to know the world is one who makes his own private advantage the rule of all his actions: One who laughs at the zeal of patriotism, and the care of posterity, as the ridiculous reveries of idle speculation, only calculated to amuse conscientious tools, while free-thinking knaves are sharing the plunder of the commonwealth.

This is modern wisdom, that left handed wisdom which has long held the rudder of the state, and debased the spirit of the nation; this has taught every man to act as if he lived for himself alone, without any consideration of the duty he owes to society; this has been the bane of honour, and has destroyed all those noble sentiments which teach us to sacrifice our own pleasure and convenience, nay even to hazard our lives, for the good of the Public.

If we trace the source of this detestable selfishness, we shall find that it owes its rise to the fatal administration of former Ministers, who have introduced that abominable system of corruption which, unless it is utterly destroyed, will, at last, inevitably prove the ruin of this kingdom.

By this men have been taught to ridicule public virtue to that degree, that, if we do but mention the love of our country, every one is ready to sneer at the expression: Seeming Patriots have often had it in their mouths, but the event of their conduct has sufficiently proved that hypocrisy lurked all the while in their hearts.

We have seen them pursue corrupt Ministers with unremitting vengeance, till they have forced them to resign, and then, strange to believe! we have known them desert the Public, and conclude a shameful compromise for the sake of titles and pensions.

These examples have spread their destructive influence: Men in inferior stations find that the Great regard only themselves, and make a jest of principle: Therefore they are readily inclined to imitate the conduct of their Superiors, whom they conceive to be better judges of moral rectitude than themselves.

[*Univ. Mag.*]

PICTURE of a complete GENTLEMAN.

I Do not know a Prince in Europe who is a Gentleman. The French King by his presence would almost persuade you to think so; and yet by his daily actions he convinces you that he is not one.

The King of Spain is a fool; consequently, not a Gentleman. The King of Prussia is a mercenary savage warrior, and therefore not a Gentleman. The discarded, banished Paoli, who now *stoops to Conquer with Doctor Goldsmith*, amongst the tabbies on Richmond hill, is no Gentleman; for a man who could suffer a glorious people to be ruined, without heading them himself, and striking a blow; who could suffer his brother Clement to fight his battles, and yet meanly arrogate to himself the fame of them; who could win the petty opinion of the vain and ignorant James Boswell to *tataw* his character, and then fly from his people in a pusillanimous manner, ignobly take a pension of one thousand per annum at the hands of the English Ministry, and refuse to visit that amiable and glorious daughter of liberty, Mrs. Macaulay, for fear of offending the narrow mind of a British King, is no Gentleman. The King of the Danes is a very poor Gentleman.—The King of the Swedes is a very uncertain character; and when all is said (and the Pope excepted), I don't know but the Empress of Russia may be more of a Gentleman than all the crown'd heads in Europe.

Kings and Princes are but men, and few amongst them are Gentlemen. There is an innate virtuous spirit of manners about a real Gentleman, which no education can give. The man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, uneducated and untutored, may be the Gentleman, while the silken, tawdry fops of the *Scavoir Vivre*, with the advantages of education, shall be nothing but unprincipled Coxcombs.

A complete Gentleman is the first character of nature. It is not the courtier that makes one; though many think that titles and dress qualify a man for the character: those who reason so, know little of that which belongs to the composition of a Gentleman.—A Gentleman must have the basis of his character formed in nature; and then, if to a complacency of manners, a sweetness of disposition, a lively genius, integrity

of heart, elegant education, and a noble mind, arrive at the perfection of a Gentleman, not do a man's business, but his nature, is that part of his education, which arises nearest to the soul, and is the basis of our species.

[*West. Mag.*]

Directions how to make remarks AMUSE

1. If you are in a country, be all of it (strangers, officers, &c.) know it. In other parts, require for them the to dance, bound by neither v and it we give their property. 2d. I at least part of den. Y only be much campaign you m from t tlemen hono keep t Majest You all in world hous their them their you at yo 3d. com

of heart, elegance of form, be added a good education; such a person bids fair to arrive at the character. A Gentleman cannot do a mean or a bad thing: he cannot mislead his neighbours, or tell a falſity; it is that part about our compositions which aſſes neareſt to Angel, and which ſo largely diſtinguiſhes us from the loweſt level of our ſpecies.

[*Weſt. Mag.*]

*Directions to GENTLEMEN and LADIES
 how to make themſelves conſpicuous and
 remarkable at the various PLACES of
 AMUSEMENT.*

1ſt. IF you ſhould happen to be elected Maſter of the Ceremonies, at any country ball or aſſembly, take no notice at all of ſtrangers, (not even of his Majeſty's officers) for they are people that *nobly know*. Notwithſtanding it is the cuſtom in other polite countries in Europe, to enquire for the ſtrangers at a ball, and to pay them the compliment of taking them out to dance the firſt minuets, you are not bound by *foreign* laws. Strangers can have neither votes nor intereſt in your country, and it would therefore be highly abſurd to give them the precedence of gentlemen of property in it.

2d. If you are a Man of Quality, ſpend at leaſt two-thirds of the year, and the beſt part of the income of your eſtate, in London. Your reſidence in the country muſt only be a kind of *Cantonment*, to recruit as much as you poſſibly can for your next campaign at court;—for which purpoſe you muſt live quite retired and ſecluded from the ſociety of the neighbouring gentlemen of the county; or, if you chuſe to honour any of them with the ſight of you, keep two or three *public days*, and ape his Majeſty at St. James's, and his Court.—You will by that means (of ſeeing them all in a crowd together) ſave yourſelf a world of trouble, and keep your neighbours in proper reſpect. They will know their due diſtance, when you never receive them but in form; and by not returning their viſits till you are juſt going to town, you are ſure to ſee none of them above once at your houſe.

3d. If you happen to live near any large country-town, pay no attention to any of

the inhabitants, leſt you ſhould have the whole town come ſwarining about your houſe. Yet, before you leave the neighbourhood of thoſe Cities, and return to your amusements in London, it may not be amiſs, juſt to join them for once in a hall or a concert, in order to ſhew them your ſuperiority in dreſs, and to have a laugh at the Country Puts, before you ſet off for London.

4th. It will, however, be impoſſible for you, ſometimes, to live entirely for yourſelf. Good-breeding requires you ſhould pay ſome attention to any of his Majeſty's Officers that are quartered in your neighbourhood, or to any gentleman who has retired to the country for the be- neſt of his health. You may, in that caſe, pay them one formal viſit, if you pleaſe, and give them a general invitation to your houſe; but I would adviſe you not to fix a day for them to wait on you, if you want them to keep their proper diſtance, and not to become too intimately acquainted; and if they have any good manners themſelves, they will be ſure never to come near you at dinner time, leſt you ſhould happen to have your houſe full of company, or leſt you ſhould have a particular deſire to be alone; in either of which caſes you would think them curſedly familiar, and wiſh them at the devil for their pains.

5th. On your arrival at any place of public entertainment, be ſure to make acquaintance with the beſt company only; ſuch as Peers, Peerſſes, Stars, Gaſters, and the like. This will certainly gain you ſome conſideration and reſpect, whether you are entitled to any or not.

6th. If you are a perſon of quality, it behoves you of all things to make a party at cards; for to be at an aſſembly without playing at cards, would be to declare that you could amuſe yourſelf in a rational converſation with any of the company, than which nothing can be accounted more impoſite.

7th. When you have made your party, you muſt obſerve to aſſemble together every night. The ſame perſons ſeated exactly in the ſame corner of the room every evening, cannot fail to make you conſpicuous; and after you have made yourſelf thus remarkable, you need give yourſelf no trouble to ſpeak to the reſt of the company. You will be ſufficiently known without it; and all one deſires, you ſee, is to be known: as
 little

little matters it whether for civility or incivility, as for virtue or vice.

8th. Remember, on a ball night, never to come to the rooms at the hour when the company usually meet. Come in after the minuets are begun, and bustle through the company till you get at the top of the room. *That* cannot fail of attracting the eyes of every body upon you, especially if the top of the room should not be the place properly belonging to your rank. Observe this same rule when you go to a play.— Never come into the house till the second or third act is near over; and then the opening and shutting the box doors, the flapping of the benches, and the adjusting yourselves to the best advantage, cannot but draw the eyes of the audience, and their most devout benedictions upon you. You may also, in the same manner, obtain the blessings of a whole pious congregation, if you take care never to go to church till the service is half over.

9th. If you dance country dances, take care to push yourself in at the top of the dance, whether you stood up in time or not; and when you have danced down the dance, sit down with your partner immediately; for nothing is so vulgar as to dance a dance up again; few gentlemen can submit to the odium of it; and really when one has danced it down with spirit, with an agreeable partner, there is no standing conveniently after it.

10th. At the time of tea-drinking, you must, by all means, endeavour to make up a snug party in a corner by yourselves; for you will never be looked upon as *any-body*, if you drink tea at the long table with the mob. The same rule observe on the public tea-drinking nights; with this addition, however, that you must not appear in the rooms till the main body of the company have drank tea, and have arisen from table. Nothing is then so glorious, so delightfully entertaining, as to form a circle of select friends to serenade the company with bawling for coffee, tea, cakes, and bread and butter, and to keep half a dozen waiters employed in running through the rooms with kettles of boiling water! It gives prodigious life to the company, if any of them should be accidentally scalded; and adds infinite spirit to the conversation, should any of the ladies get their gowns spoiled by

the unlucky encounter of some bread and butter.

11th. Soon after your appearance in public, (suppose at Brighthelmstone, Scarborough, or Margate) pay your respects to the handsomest woman in the polite circle; and be sure to remain constantly at her elbow during the whole time of your stay in the country. This will gain you the reputation of having an intrigue, tho' from your disability of intriguing, the physicians may have ordered you to dip in the salt-water.

12th. I address myself particularly to the ladies. You must be careful to encourage the attendance of such as conspicuously attach themselves to you; not only for the above-mentioned reason, of making the world believe you have an intrigue, (than which nothing can make you more notorious and remarkable) but also to awaken your husbands to a thorough sense of your extraordinary perfections. But the greatest purpose herein answered, is to shew to the world that you are above its censure; and when once you are above minding what the world says of you, you are indisputably in the *Bon Ton*, and are properly qualified for admittance into any of the Coteries within the Liberties of London and Westminster.

[*West. Mag.*]

ILL EFFECTS of GAMING.
An ANECDOTE of CASIMIR the
Second, King of POLAND.

WHILE Casimir was Prince of Sandomir, he won at play all the money of one of his Nobility, who, incensed at his ill fortune, struck the Prince a blow on the ear, in the heat of passion:—He fled immediately from justice, but being pursued and overtaken, he was condemned to lose his head;—yet the generous Casimir determined otherwise: “I am not surprised (said he) at the gentleman’s conduct; for not having it in his power to revenge himself of fortune, no wonder he should attack her favourite.” After which he revoked the sentence, returned the Nobleman his money, and declared that himself alone was faulty; as he had encouraged by his example, a pernicious practice, that might terminate in the ruin of hundreds of his people.

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RISE and UTILITY of NEWS-PAPERS.

Embellished with a Curious ENGRAVING.

SOME fifty or sixty years ago, when turnpike roads were not so general, and the conveyance from place to place was far more difficult than at present, people were obliged to put up with many very great inconveniencies, and to confine their wants within a narrow compass.—They had no encouragement, and, in some cases, scarcely a possibility to extend their connexions, and contented themselves, therefore, with such immediate necessities as their little neighbourhood afforded.—They had not then any great inclination for reading, nor were the polite arts so generally attended to as they now are. Domestic industry employed their time, and left them little leisure for other amusements. Such was the state of our forefathers, when the intestine broils of the kingdom raised their attention, and called them from their villages to assist their king and country. The youths, who had hitherto assisted their fathers in the cultivation of their lands, now cheerfully enlisted under the banner of their sovereign, and boldly went to fight against their enemies, who threatened such depredations on their native kingdom. Hence the parents became anxious to know the state of these their young adventurers; they caught with eagerness the public papers, and read impatiently an account of every battle, while fear foreboded that their sons had fallen.

It is from this æra, that we may date the universality of News papers in this kingdom. They were at first the vehicles of political information only; disclosing the secrets of ministerial councils, and prefiging to the public a future war or peace; but their plan has since been materially altered and improved; and they are now become the vehicles of general information. From the number of hands into which they were distributed, it was soon discovered that these were the best and most convenient channels for making known our own necessities, or for offering a supply for those of others.—Travelling, too, became more easy, by degrees, and distance no longer a hindrance to their circulation.

MISCELL. VOL. I.

A man needed only be at the expence of a few shillings for an advertisement, and his wants were immediately made known to many thousands of persons, in a shorter time than could be done by any other method. If a horse was stolen, a house broke open, or a robbery committed, the Printers of News-papers were instantly applied to; and such was the success in thus publishing the villainy, that the offender has often by this means only been apprehended, and brought to the punishment his crime entitled him to.—A landlord, who wants to let an empty house, or a few acres of his land, has nothing now to do but to advertise, and he is soon provided with a tenant; and the man of enterprizing genius, who is deterred from following his pursuits by want of money, advertises only good security, and he is immediately supplied to the extent of his demands. In short, there is scarcely any article in life, of which we stand in need, but what an Advertisement will more easily procure than any other means we can devise. Men are now thoroughly sensible of this advantage, and hence it is that Advertisements are so numerous in all our News-papers. They form a considerable part of their contents, and to men of business are certainly the most valuable.

Politics are now little more than a farce; the rage of party has in a great measure subsided; and Peace having fixed her standard amongst us, we are no longer troubled with the long accounts of battles between contending armies. Our News-papers are now devoted to a more agreeable purpose. They yield us a more amusing variety of matter, as they are either employed in the politer services of literature, or in establishing more extensive connexions amongst mankind.

Persons of all ages and occupations agree in encouraging their circulation.—The old and feeble cit, whose infirmities confine him from the busy world, is still desirous of seeing how affairs go on, and therefore reads the News; while his huge, unwieldy Lady, whom even prodigy of

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built

bulk cannot refrain from fashionable diversions, tells her maid to bring the Morning Paper with the tea, that she may see when the Pantheon opens. The city miss, on her part, has a world of entertainment in reading the News-paper. She there reads of trips to Scotland with a father's footman, or a genteel hair-dresser. She pities, from her soul, the many victims to neglected love, who have closed their miserable lives by sudden means, and rejoices to find that Roland's pond is no longer in the way, to tempt them to destroy themselves. The progress of fashion, too, she traces, in the Papers, through its different changes, and knows who appeared most brilliant at court or mansion house. The merchant, by means of the Public Papers, knows the departure, voyage, and arrival of his vessels; the fluctuation of the stocks is there also exactly minuted, together with the state of our foreign concerns. The sportsman is presented with an account of Newmarket and other races; the sales of horses, and their various pedigrees; and whatever else it may be his interest to know. The farmer sees the state of the harvest through the kingdom; the average price of corn in every county, and reads of the various improvements made in husbandry. And the tradesman has an endless variety of information, which at once both pleases and instructs him.

CHARACTER of Mr. HARE;

A very extraordinary COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

PERMIT this letter to inform you, that there is coming up to town by the *** coach, one who has lived most part of his time in our neighbourhood, if, indeed, he is not a native of this country; but of that I cannot be positive, neither is it very material, as I can, notwithstanding, give you a sufficient account of him for your government, respecting the reception and treatment of him, having given him (for he never was in town before) a direction to your house. His conduct in time past has been, though not totally irreprehensible, as innocent, at least, as that of most others.—Some little complaint I have heard of his decorations in the gardens, &c. of his neighbours, but yet they have been ready

to acknowledge, at the same time, they believed he thought no harm. It is true, he was rather wild in his youth, but never extravagant or gay in his dress. Living wholly in the country, he has no notion of the amusements of the town; but being remarkably light of foot, he has not been able entirely to absent himself from field diversions, nor yet has he indulged himself in them; upon such occasions he has been much sought, and, when they have but only just seen him, or, as it were, had him *in view*, it is surprising how the rest of the company have exulted, and much has been, in the words of the poet, on other joyous occasions, “the clamour of men, of boys, and dogs.” But, though every body else has appeared highly delighted, I have cause to believe he never enjoyed peace of mind at such riotous doings, for he has always endeavoured to leave them as soon as he could, and sometimes he has *holen away* and left them at a *fault* for want of his company. But how forcible is unprofitable company! At other times, a more select party have compelled him to take the lead, and go greater lengths than he approved, which has still been attended with uneasiness of mind, and frequently has been *turned*; but lately, on an occasion of that sort, he received so severe a check in the midst of his career, that it entirely put a stop to his progress in that way; and, to tell you the truth, is the cause of his leaving the country at this time. Though much altered in that respect, I believe he is still what may be called hare-brained, which I suppose you will discover before he has been long in your company. Unaccustomed to being frequently or in much company, as well as naturally timid and shy, even in the country, it is not to be expected he will ever be capable of entertaining a very large company, but a few select friends, I believe, will be very well satisfied with what they can obtain from him, or pick out of him; and, let me tell you, however unlikely it may seem, he will bear a *roasting* as well as most; only take this information along with you, as he is a mere rustic, and has indulged his appetite in the country without scruple, though with strict temperance, it may not be amiss to fill his belly with pudding, and perhaps a glass of wine may not be ill bestowed, before you try that experiment upon him. Of the family

of the *Hares* you have doubtless heard. I have some notion one of them attained to considerable dignity in the national church; but the subject of this letter, though of the same name, is not of that family, but of one more ancient; nor did ever one of these profess with them: not but that I lately read an account in the news-papers of one of this family, who went to the place of public worship in time of service, but I believe with no more devotion than some others whom I have heard called "Thorough Churchmen," from their going, as it is most likely he did, in at one door and out at the other. Though this family cannot boast of places or pensions from the court, they have not been totally disregarded by the legislature; the nobility and gentry having put it out of the power, as far as acts of parliament, with united associations to enforce them, can do it, of the small vulgar to exercise their merciless tempers upon them, as they were too apt to do, if they could only extort from them a meal's meat by it; and sometimes merely for the diversion of following them from place to place; and yet I believe if they were to speak all the truth, we should find themselves more frequently injured, and more wantonly persecuted by their professed protectors, than any other men; and, may I not add, perhaps they are not alone in that predicament; but, as this letter is not intended to be a vehicle for political or disaffected reflections on men and measures, I shall conclude with wishing the subject of it may arrive safe at your house, and give your wife and yourself as much satisfaction as it gives me pleasure to have such an opportunity of subscribing myself,

Your affectionate friend, &c.

[*Mont b. Le dg.*]

MENTOR.

On the MODESTY and CHASTITY of WOMEN.

THE reason why there are some virtues peculiar to men, and others to women, is, because nature has given them inclinations and dispositions which facilitate to them the exercise of those virtues. Thus, whilst the heat of constitution makes men brave and bold, and gives them activity for martial exploits, the cold complexion of women, and their natural timidity, help them wonderfully to practise modesty and chastity.

This *coldness of constitution* is the most ordinary principle of the reserve and modesty of women, because no force is like that of natural inclinations, which we cannot resist without doing violence to ourselves.

A good education is the second principle; for maidens have scarce attained the use of reason, when they are inspired with a honor for immodest words and actions, and are made to observe that such of their sex as hold immodest speeches, are despised by every one, and regarded as persons that have renounced all shame.

The fear of having their reputation blasted, is also a third principle. This we shall have no difficulty of believing, if we reflect but a moment that reputation is so powerful a curb, and so capable of restraining women, that they who are led away by the spirit of intriguing have recourse to all sorts of artifices to hide them from the knowledge of the world, in order to make their reputation chime in with the satisfaction they find in that commerce.

There are some also, who, to put themselves upon the footing of *pruders*, affect so great a modesty, that not only they cannot endure words that carry too much impudence on them, but even those expressed with delicacy, yet, in their import, conveying an idea rather loose than free from vicious affection. This sort of modesty is usually met with in persons of Quality, and it is a desire in them to make appear, that they have not a less advantage over women of mean condition by the politeness and decency of their manners, than by their birth.

The passion that young women have for being married, contributes much to their modesty. This passion is indeed so strong, that it makes them continually careful to conform all their words and actions to the severest rules of modesty. For, as theirs is a state of subjection, as it is an insupportable restraint on them not to be mistresses of their conduct, and as they hope to find in marriage the happiness of independency, they wish to marry with an inconceivable ardor. So that their modesty is a means whereby they insinuate themselves into the good graces of the men, and a sort of warrant they give them of their virtue.

I have taken care to specify all these kinds of modesty which are esteemed in the

world, that it may be seen that there is not one of them which is truly virtuous, or, conformable to what is recommended by their religion. For it is visible that the modesty of women, who are naturally modest, is the virtue of their constitution and not their own; because none are virtuous by a blind impulse of inclination, and because to be really so they should be so by choice and the esteem of virtue. It is easy to perceive, likewise, that the affectation of modest behaviour, in the view of being classed with prudes, is a vanity; and that to be modest for shaking off the yoke of dependency, and for being settled by marriage, argues a love in many cases not justifiable, for living, if not with more ease, at least with more freedom.

It is therefore evident that modest behaviour in the sex should not only be the regularity of external actions, but also the rule of thoughts, inclinations, and sentiments; and that, if there be a visible shame whereby a blush is raised at whatever is done against decency, there is also a shame of the soul, which forces her into a secret blush at all the sentiments that rise in her against the orders of reason. By the first we shew that we fear to commit actions that offend the eyes of men; by the last we cannot suffer any thing within ourselves which may displease God.

A woman cannot be truly modest and chaste, if she is not pure both in body and soul; and if so, it would not be amiss to take a view of all the species of chaste and modest women whose virtue receives a general eulogium, and to see if this name can with justice be given them.

The first sort is of ambitious women, who bearing a secret grudge that men should have so many means for signalizing themselves by arts, sciences, and other commendable qualities, embrace a modest and chaste demeanour with the more ardour, as it is the only road that lies open to them for acquiring glory. They therefore conduct themselves in it with so much vigilance and discretion, as to seem that they aim at leaving a very wide space between themselves and the common class of women; and, not satisfied with being chaste, they affect quite particular ways of chastity, that they might be reputed prudes.

The second sort is of proud women, who

imagine nothing worthy of them. 'Tis from this proud disposition that they shew themselves averse to intrigues and amusements, the favourite occupations of many others: So that it may be averred their chastity arises from the persuasion they are in of the excellency of their merit, and therefore, not to diminish it a tittle in value, they chuse to remain vulgar.

Indolence and timidity make a third species of chaste women. Those who set their minds on gallantry, are obliged to so much care and precaution, so much firefice and artifice, that the fatigue appears almost insupportable to all who are of an unactive temper. They are besides afraid of the anger of a mother, the violence of a husband, the hatred and desertion of their family, and the ill name they are branded with by the world. All these considerations help to persuade them, that it is less difficult to be observant of one's duty, than to be led astray by a passion, which condemns the women that indulge it to such uneasiness and vexation.

Lastly, the quality of constitution has almost the whole share in the chastity of those women, who having no ideas to quicken them into the dissipations of life, suffer themselves to be guided by their own confined inclinations. This sort of women are chaste with so little merit, that it might be well seen they would not be so with a different constitution, and that their virtue is nothing more than the result of their natural habit of body.

But, be the virtue of the sex what it may, if not truly Christian, it is better it shoud be exposed to the reproach of being styled hypocritical, human, pagan, than to be marked with nothing to recommend them, or to set them in an amiable light to the eyes of the world. The modest and chaste character, abstracting from all motives, will be ever highly laudable; while its reverse, an impudent effrontery, will be stigmatized with an indelible odium and infamy. The sex in general are sensible of all this: whence it may not be amiss for them to conclude, that there is no modesty but that of Christian women, which is a true virtue, because they alone understand that the modesty of words is the chastity of the tongue, and that to be intirely pure and chaste, they ought to be so in their conversation.

*A New and Concise Description of
GREAT BRITAIN.*

*(From an ingenious work lately published,
under the title of "Science Improved;
or the Theory of the Universe.")*

GREAT Britain, as it is the largest in compass of all the European islands, so it may be justly esteemed the most important in Europe, and perhaps in the world, with respect to its strength both by land and sea; its commerce, as well inland as foreign, and its influence upon other kingdoms and nations in most parts of the known world. The British empire is constituted of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the several Plantations of America thereunto belonging.

The island of Great Britain is large, populous, rich, and fruitful. The ancients esteemed it so considerable, that they called it *Insula Magna*; and Cæsar boasted that he had discovered another world. The three kingdoms have on all sides very convenient harbours, and are accommodated with navigable rivers in abundance, which convey to them the riches of the sea, and of foreign nations. The advantage of the sea surrounding them, as it is a security against enemies, so it is also against the violent colds to which the climate would otherwise be exposed; for the tides and constant motion of the sea sends us in a kindly sort of vapour, which qualifies the natural sharpness of the air, even to such a degree, that in some parts of France and Italy, they feel more of the winter than we do in England. The soil in England and Ireland doth, in a great measure, owe its fertility to the same cause; the vapours not only mollifying the air, and by that means nourishing every vegetable, but they also furnish us with gentle showers in their proper seasons, inasmuch that our ancestors believed these must needs be the Fortunate Islands, so much talked of by the ancients, as having of all others the best claim to those natural blessings and delights, with which they made them abound. We see every day that the convenient situation of any estate gives an estimate, and raises its purchase; and, without convenience, life itself would be but a mere spiration, scarce worth the valuing: England, then, most certainly deserves to be valued and preferred to all na-

tions on the earth, having both to so great an advantage. It is an island placed as a center to the circular globe, towards which trade may draw a line from the whole circumference; it is blessed with a moderation of every element; no torrid zone scorches, nor frigid zone benumbs its natives, but a medium influence, strengthens, and beautifies its inhabitants, who are of regular shapes, neither an unwieldy nor pigmy breed, but fit to endure the toils of war, or peaceful labours in the land; our climate is so moderate, that the sun neither exhales, nor the cold phlegmatizes the spirituous parts, but allows a temperature between both; so that our native imaginations are neither too airy for consideration, nor too dull for invention; its soil is mixture and productive, and where barrenness appears on the surface, the bowels are enriched with valuable mines. No Alpine mountains, nor Hoiland bogs, but the land is charmingly diversified with spacious plains, beautiful hills, and fruitful vallies; so that when the parching sun burns up the higher lands, the humble meadows thrive with verdure. Our pastures may be justly stiled excellent, and the verdure of this country strikes foreigners with wonder. And when mighty showers drown the vales, the hills grow fruitful by watering; our lands, when tilled, produce a grateful plenty in return to labour; our trees in general are lofty and well topped, and afford us all the conveniences we can expect; our kingly oaks so firmly rib our ships, that our royal navy, if duly supported by the effects of a prosperous national commerce, will ever prove an invincible bulwark to any daring foe: our fruits are pleasant and useful for support: our cattle large, healthy, strong, and numerous, which are as good as the world produces for labour or for food. Our wool is very good; it is the parent of our chief manufactures, and gives us a plaudit in our cloths, baize, says, serges, &c. throughout the universe. The Western parts of England make a great figure in this way, for the plains in Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire, Somersetshire, and Hampshire, are in a manner covered with sheep, inasmuch that the people of Dorchester affirm, that there are always six hundred thousand feeding within six miles of that town; yet the manufacture demands more wool than all these

these sheep can furnish, inasmuch that they commonly take thirty thousand packs from Ireland, and very near as much yarn ready spun; it has been computed that in those five counties, there are above one hundred thousand families maintained by spinning, reckoning six to a family, exclusive of a weaver in each, and in many two or three. But it would require a large volume to run through even our capital manufactures, we therefore shall only mention, that to be convinced of the prodigious benefits resulting from every kind of manufacture, we need only make a journey into any of the counties where they flourish, and look about us, where we shall find the market towns thick and yet large, well built, populous, and rich, and villages within a mile or two of each other. As for instance, for twenty miles round Exeter in Devonshire; in the neighbourhood of the manufacturing city of Norwich in Norfolk, where the stuff-weaving is carried on; in Essex, where the baize trade flourishes; in Wiltshire, from Warminster to Malmesbury; in the counties of Gloucester and Worcester, where the white clothing trade is the grand manufacture; besides the many other counties where the hardware and cutlery manufactures flourish, &c. &c.

This is sufficient to satisfy an opening mind, as to the truth of all that I have advanced upon this curious and copious subject. Our land is plentifully veined with many noble, navigable rivers, refreshing the earth, and affording variety and plenty of fish, as well as the convenience of water carriage, thereby contributing to domestic trade, and that happy intercourse between all parts of the island which communicates its blessings, and is thereby the parent of universal plenty. It is no wonder, therefore, that so amiable an appearance, either excites a strong affection in the natives, or has charms sufficient to invite over strangers, or to retain amongst us such as accidental y come higher. There is a natural affection, and (if I may be indulged the expression) a laudable partiality in every nation for its own country; and there is no doubt that the people of Britain have in all ages had their share of this disposition; and yet, independent of this, we may safely affirm, that with respect to natural advantages, there are very few countries that are blest with greater than our own. There are, in-

deed, warmer and richer climates, but very few so temperate, so wholesome, and so pleasant: The almost continual spring of Italy does not indeed adorn our fields; but if we want their spring, we are also without their sultry summer. We have no occasion to pant after the vallies of Hæmus, or wish for the deep embowering shade; our summers are moderately hot, and our winters for the most part are very tolerable with respect to cold: so that we are free at least from those inconveniences that are produced by either of these extremes, and enjoy all, or the greatest part of those advantages, which are the boast of other climates.

The sea, by Providence, is a wall which surrounds us, to defend us from the Pharaoh that would enslave us; it is champion and servant too: for, by our ships furrowing its waves, we send our plenty out, and bring the riches of the most distant parts of the world into our possessions. It is very observable how Heaven blesses us by the course of the wind, that commonly blows westerly for above half of the year, which makes all our cape lands and bays opposite to the French and Dutch coasts, good roads for our ships to ride with security; for we are on the weather, and the French on the lee shore; besides our anchor-hold is much better than either the French or Dutch, for we have generally a stiff clay, chalk, or hard gravel, whilst the French have only hard rocks or loose sands.

These are some of the many advantages we enjoy above the rest of mankind; nature pours her gifts around us, and we only want a proper temper to enjoy them.

A new method of raising early POTATOES.

Communicated in a letter from Mr. MATTHEW KIRK, of Wilderspool, near Manchester, to THOMAS BUTTERWORTH BAYLEY, Esq; of Hope, F. R. S.

SIR, Wilderspool, Jan. 15, 1774.

ON the 2d of January, 1773, I made a hot bed for the forward sort of potatoes, and on the 7th put in the sets, placing a glass and frame over them, and taking every precaution to defend them from the frost. Of these small potatoes, or sets, there remained about forty in a basket, which was accidentally hung up in a warm kitchen, and there remained unnoticed till

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about the 25th of April. I then accidentally observed the basket, and perceiving something green on the edge of it, took it down, and to my great surprize, found that the potatoes had sprouted half a yard in length, and that there was a great number of very small potatoes formed on the fibrous roots which had grown out. I took them into my garden, and planted them in a rich sandy soil, without any manure. The roots I put into the ground three inches deep, and laid down the stems that had sprouted, horizontally, and covered them with two inches of soil, but left the tops uncovered. They afterwards grew surprizingly.

On the 26th of May, I took up the roots planted in the hot bed on the 7th of January. They by no means answered my expectations, or paid for the trouble of their culture: but at the same time I was astonished to find the others, which were put into the ground so lately, to have produced larger potatoes than the roots in the hot bed. I took up all the roots, and picked off the large potatoes from them (which amounted to from four to twelve on each root) and then set the roots again on the same ground. This, indeed, I have successfully practised for many years, sometimes even twice, and have had a good third crop at Michaelmas. When this method is tried, the roots must be watered on the evenings of hot days.

In January, 1773, in order to make a second trial of this experiment with a large quantity, I placed a great many potatoes of the early sorts on a thick layer of gravelly soil, close to each other, over an oven flated over, but open to the S. W. and covered them two inches deep with the same earth.

At the end of April I took them up, and found the stems about a foot long or more. For fear of injuring the fine and delicate fibres of the roots, I took great care in taking them up, and planting them in the soil. This I now manured, but in all other respects treated them in the manner above described, many of the fibrous roots having then potatoes formed upon them, nearly as large as walnuts. For a week the plants came on surprizingly, when, by one sharp night's uncommon frost, they were nearly destroyed. However, notwithstanding this, fresh stems grew up in a few days, and I gathered from them on the 3d of June following, finer potatoes

than were sold at that time at Manchester from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb. being the produce of hot beds.

After taking off the larger potatoes, I again planted the roots for a second crop, and in September obtained a very large produce. I weighed the increase of many separate roots, which amounted from four pounds eight ounces to fourteen pounds twelve ounces, the potatoes being the largest of the forward kind I ever saw.

Some Observations relative to CHARLES I.

(From BURMAN'S LIVES OF ASHMOLE and LILLY, lately published.)

FAVOURITES he had three; Buckingham stabbed to death; W. Laud, and Thomas earl of Strafford, both beheaded. Bishops and clergymen, whom he most favoured, and wholly advanced and occasionally raised, he lived to see their bishopricks fold, the bishops themselves scorned, and all the whole clergy of his party and opinion quite undone.

The English noblemen he cared not much for, but only to serve his own turns by them: yet such as had the unhappiness to adventure their lives and fortunes for him, he lived to see them and their families ruined, only for his sake.

The Scots, his countrymen, on whom he bestowed so many favours, he lived to see them in arms against himself; to sell him for more money than the Jews did Christ, and themselves to be handsomely routed, and sold for knaves and slaves. They made their best market of him at all times, changing their affection with his fortune.

The old prince of Orange he almost beggared, and yet to no purpose, the parliament one time or other getting all arms and ammunition which ever came over unto him. It is confidently averred, if the king had become absolute here in England, Orange had been king, &c.

The city of London, which he had so sore oppressed and slighted, he lived to see thousands of them in arms against him; and they to thrive, and himself consume unto nothing. The parliament, which he so abhorred, and formerly scorned, he lived to know was superior unto him; and the scorns and slights he had used formerly to Elliot, and others, he saw now returned upon himself in felix.

As

good geat togedder) about somthin less than halfe a ginny in silver and fixpenses, with some h'pense: give that to little Dolly Magianis at farmer Daly's. The people sayd, and so did my wyfe, that I had unlawful dooins wid her; but that's a lye of her oan inventin, and if I was alive I'd say itt to her faafe, so let noboddy go to reflect on her upon my account, for, as I hoap to livv, I declare wid my dying breth I doant noe for fartinty wheeder the bee man or woman.

Peter Doyle makes mee pay too much for my kabbins and the little bitt of paratygrownnd belongin to itt, butt I make itt anser by chaytin the Parson and won way or oder, so I leav itt to my youngelt son Robbin, becaze he's a cuter lad and more good-nathurder, and I luvv him better nor Corny. As for him and his moder, thea'll provide for themselves; I had enuff too doo to mentain 'em durin my life, and I'm sure I'll not trubble my hed about 'em now Ime ded.

My sow and piggs, and my crucifix, along wid my bades, my tobacco-ftopper, my too hens and my mals-book, I lave to fader M'Donogh, for, tho' he squeezes hell-fire hard, he's a good fowl enuff at the bottom. My oak-fapplin, my dog Smutt, my woollen nighte-cap, and my razure, I givv to honnell Toby Hooragan, for he's the best crathur that ever drew breth, tho' the people givvs out oderwize bekage he taaks a sup, and has turn'd his childer out o'doors; my best shurt I givv to the saam Toby Hooragan: as for the toder it's the won I have on now, and not worth anny body's takin, so I lave it to my wyfe that she may hav no reason to complaine.

I forgivv aul the wurl exceptin my wyfe, and her I forgive too, but its against my will, and only to humour fader M'Donogh, and keep my poor fowl out of purgatory. I doant ritely noe whear I shall go to, but Ime pretty easy about that, as I got absolution cunningly to day, widout the preefts knowing what I had got in my hed.

It may seem odd for a poor man such as mee to putt himself out of the world, as its onely your grate people that taaks them figaries, but owr landlords is so pleguy tite wid us that we must eder doo itt or starve, so that to bee shure it 'll groe a fashon in time among us as well as the rich, and in my miund wee havv the best rite to doo itt.

MISCELL. VOL. I.

I boar and indifferent good karekter while I was alive, and would have nokk'd the biggest man down that daard'd say a wurd agentt itt; but now I'm deed thea may say what thea plaze, and to be shure thea'll say bad enuff, but the divlle reward 'em and my curse lite upon 'em.

I dye in charity wid evvry boddy, and wish well to such as had a regard for mee; as for the rest to Hell I pitch 'em all, and * may the grafs groe before thear door. I doant care three straws whear thea berry me, so as thea don't let my corpe stay in the wauter, for I woodn't like to be ett by the fishes; of the too Ide rader the crows had mee, becaze its more natheral: thea'll have no pretense for ottomizin me, and the rest Ime pritty easy about.

I didnt think to say hafe so much, but as its likely to be the last time I shall fet pen to payper, I was willing to taak my fill of itt: and as to the making away wid myself and the like of that, its no more than what every boddy has a rite to doo: and as for that matter I noe I shan't be mist, for the Parson, in won of his krofs fies t'other day, tould mee I was littel good for the neger. As to good nathur indeed, I never had much to spaare, butt I aulways tuk care of won, and that was going by the rule of the gospel, for its sayd somwheare in the ould testymnt that charity begins at home.

If I wauk after my deth, Ile hant my wyfe to vex her.

I was dividid betwux hanging and drounding, and sadly trubbled which to choof; but at last I resolved upon this way that I haav taaken, as I thaut it wass't quite so vulgar as toder, for they hang clippers and coiners and teeves and murderers, but never dround 'em. So I depart this lyfe in the forty a hit year of my age, widout vincin or whinin, but like a man at

* The native Irish have in their own language a curse, of which this is the exact sense; the meaning of it is evident—"May they be forsaken by the world, and no one ever come near them." The Irish deem this the heaviest imprecation they can denounce upon any one. The looking upon the being shut out from mankind in so very dreadful a light, is a strong argument, among many others, of the social and hospitable spirit of that brave and generous nation.

R

my

my can-free moshon and choyce, being at aul times both in life and deth a sincere member of the hoaly moder church of Room, wid full assurans of goin to heav'n; if Fader McDonogh isn't the biggeit rogue upon the faafe of the yearth: for, though I didn't mind my wuik much, nor wasn't giv'n to charity, nor very sober, nor didn't much mind such like trifling things, I aulways went regglar to chapel, and never begrudg'd the church, nor flinted it of its duw, so he tould mee often and often to make myself eafy, for that Ide go thear of coorse.

And I havv roat this payper aul wid my oane hand, and sett my naam boath at the beginnin and end of itt, that my wyfe and Corny may'nt fay that it's a foargery, for thea are cappabel of anny thing that's spyteful and contrary, so the Lord Jeshu havv marfy on my soul, and may the hoaly vergin taak me to her bosom this 26th February 1767. DENNIS TOOLE.

ANECDOTES.

Lord Chief Justice HOLT.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, in 1704, several Freemen of the borough of Aylebury had been refused the liberty of voting at an election for a Member of Parliament, though they had proved their qualifications as such: the law in this case imposes a fine on the returning officer of 100l. for every such offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who order'd the officer to be arrested. The House of Commons, alarmed at this step, made an order of their House to make it penal for either Judge, Council, or Attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice, and several Lawyers, were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it on in the Court of King's Bench. The House, highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a Serjeant at Arms for the Judge to come before them; but that resolute defender of the laws hadd him, with a voice of authority, be gone; on which they sent a second message by their Speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the Speaker had delivered his message, his Lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words:—"Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within these five mi-

nutes, or you may depend on it I'll send you to Newgate; you speak of your authority; but I tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice, and, were the whole House of Commons in your belly, I will not stir one foot." The Speaker was *prudent* enough to retire, and the House were equally prudent to let the affair drop.

The best Way to PREFERMENT.

(From a Sermon of Bishop LATIMER's.)

THERE was a Patron in England, that had a benefice fallen into his hands, and a good brother of mine came unto him, and brought him thirty apples in a dish, and gave them to his man, to carry them to his master. The man accordingly presented him with the dish of apples, saying, "Sir, such a man hath sent you a dish of fruit, and desireth you to be good unto him for such a Benefice." "Tush, tush, (said he) this is no apple matter; I will have none of his apples; I have as good as these in mine own orchard." The man came to the Priest again, and told him what his master said. "Then (replied the Priest) desire him to prove one of them for my sake; he shall find them better than they look for." He cut one of them, and found ten pieces of gold in it. "Marry, (quoth he) this is a good apple." The Priest standing not far off, hearing what the gentleman said, cried out, and answered, "They are all one apple, I assure you, Sir; they all grew on one tree, and have all one taste." "Well, he is a good fellow, let him have it, (said the Patron) and get you a graft of this tree, and I'll warrant it to you is better stead than all St. Paul's learning."

The RAPACITY of COURTIERs.

NOURSHIVAN the Jutt, one of the Kings of Persia, being oppressed with hunger one day, as he was hunting, longed to eat part of the game he had killed.—Being unprovided with salt, however, he sent his attendants to the next village for some, but denounced the most severe penalties on them if they omitted to pay for it.—"What harm (cried one of these) can there be in not paying for a little salt?" "If a King (replied Nourshivan) should pluck an Apple in the garden of one of his subjects, his Courtiers, the next day, would cut down the Tree." [West. Mag.]

ADVANTAGES

ADVANTAGES of SCEPTICISM.

NUMBERLESS are the errors to which we are liable, when we believe things upon the credit of others. By encouraging our doubts, we voluntarily set limits to our knowledge.

One day, says a certain Eastern writer, I enquired of a Philosopher, by what means he had gained so much wisdom?—"I gained it (replied he) by imitating the blind, who never move a step till they have sounded with their stick the ground on which they are to trust themselves."

[*West. Mag.*

NEW
THEATRICAL PIECES.
COVENT-GARDEN.

The MAN OF BUSINESS.

THE Hero of this Comedy is a wild, expensive youth, of the name of Beverley, who is supposed to have been some time a partner with Golding and Fable, in the mercantile business. Mr. Golding, having left his wife in London, is employed on business in the East-Indies; and Fable, who is a prudent, sedate character, manages the affairs at home. Wishing to restrain their giddy partner Beverley in his career of extravagance, he determines to assume the appearance of distress, and therefore tells him that the House must immediately stop payment, unless extraordinary sums are raised to prevent it. Beverley is much shocked at this news, and promises, at the persuasion of Fable, to part with his horses, hounds, &c. agreeing also to make him trustee for the Partnership. His distress is further increased by his friend Denier, a miserly young fellow, who refuses to give him any assistance, and moreover tells him he must resign all pretensions to Miss Lydia Winterton, who had been placed under Denier's care by a gentleman abroad.

Mrs. Golding and Miss Lydia then visit him; when the latter gives him strong proofs of her affection, and expecting a large remittance soon from her father in the Indies, determines, if possible, to retrieve his affairs. About this period Mr. Golding arrives from abroad, and hastens to his partner's house in Pall-Mall, where Mrs. Golding introduces Lydia to her

husband as a stranger, but the young lady faints at the sight of Mr. Golding. This circumstance is explained by its appearing he was Lydia's father, and had placed her under the care of Denier, before his second marriage, left Mrs. Golding's friends should refuse their consent, on knowing he had a child by his former wife; for which purpose he had also changed his name.—Beverley is now informed of the whole matter, and, on his promise of reformation, Lydia agrees to give him her hand.

Mr. Colman is the author of this piece, which, notwithstanding an opposition was threatened, met with a very good reception. The characters are judiciously drawn, and well supported; the language familiar and natural; and the fable well conducted.

PROLOGUE;

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

(Entering as an Author, with a Manuscript.)

SEE here, good folks, how genius is abus'd!
A play of mine!—The manager refus'd!
And why?—I know the reason well enough—
Only to introduce his own damn'd stuff.
Oh! he's an arrogant, invidious elf,
Who hates all wit, and has no wit himself!
As to the plays on which he builds his fame—
Boasting your praise, "we all know whence
they came."

Crown him with ivy, least of Brentford kings!
For still like ivy, round some oak he clings.
Plays you have damn'd, their authors yet
unknown,

Trust me, good people, those were all his own.
If his lame genius ever stood the test,
'Twas but a crutch'd noun-adjective at best:
Or rather EXPLETIVE, whose weak pretence
Occupies space, but adds not to the sense.
His lady-muse, tho' pulling, wain, and thin,
With green-room candle, all in state lies-in;
His brats so ricketty, 'tis still their curse
To be swat'd, twaddled, and put out to nurse;
Brought up on playhouse pap, they waul and
cry,

Crawl on the stage, or in convulsions die.
His play to-night, like all he ever wrote,
Is pye-ball'd, piec'd, and patch'd, like Joseph's
coat;

Made up of shreds from Plautus and Cor-
neille,

Terence, Moliere, Voltaire, and Marmontel,
With rags from fifty others I might mention,
Which proves him dull and barren of invention;
But shall his nonsense I old the place of sense?
No. Damn him! Damn him, in your own
defence,

Else on your mercy will the dwarf presume,
Nor e'er give giant genius elbow room.

Now! now, my friends, we've brought him
to the stake,

Bait him! and then, perhaps, some sport he'll
make.

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I've

I've lin'd the house in front, above, below;
 Friends, like dried figs, stuck close in ev'ry
 row!
 Some wits, in ambush, in the gallery sit;
 Some form a critic phalanx in the pit;
 Some scatter'd forces their shrill catcalls play,
 And strike the tiny scribbler with dismay.
 On then, my hearts! charge! fire! your
 triumph's certain [curtain!
 O'er his weak battery, from behind the
 To-morrow's Chronicle your deeds shall boast,
 And loud Te Deums fill the Morning-Post.

EPILOGUE;

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

WHEN plays are o'er, by Epilogue we're
 able,

Thro' moral strainers to refine the fable;
 Again the field of Comedy to glean
 From what the author did, or did not mean;
 Or, in a gayer mood, on malice bent,
 Quite topsy-turvy turn the Bard's intent.
 Shall we, ye critics, to-night's play deride?
 Or shall we, Ladies, take the milder side?
 Suppose for once we leave the beaten road,
 And try, by turns, the harsh and gentle mode;
 A kind of critic country-dance begin;
 Right hand and left, cross over, figure in!

The Critic first strikes off, condemns each
 scene, spleen:
 The tale, the bard, and thus he vents his
 "While books lie open on each mouldy
 stall,

Bills plaiter posts, songs paper every wall,
 At every corner hungry minds may feed,
 Wisdom cries out, and he that runs may read;
 On learned alms were playwrights ever fed,
 And scraps of poetry their daily bread.
 Ev'n Shakespeare would unthread the novel's
 maze,

Or build on penny histories his plays,
 From paltry ballads Rowe extracted Shore,
 Which lay like metal buried in the ore.
 To jump at once at bards of later days,
 What are the riff-raff of our modern plays?
 Their native dulness all in books retrench;
 Mere scavengers of Latin, Greek, and French,
 Sweep up the learned rubbish, dirt, and dust,
 Or from old iron try to file the rust.
 Give me the bard whose fiery disposition
 Quickens at once, and learns by intuition;
 Lift up his head to think, and in a minute
 Ideas make a hurly-burly in it;
 Struggling for passage, there ferment and
 bubble,

And thence run over without further trouble;
 'Till out comes play or poem, as they seign,
 Minerva issued from her father's brain!
 Be all original—struck out at once;
 Who borrows, toils, or labours, is a dunce:
 Genius, alas! is at the lowest ebb,
 And none, like spiders, spin their own fine web.
 What wonder, if with some success they strive
 With wax and honey to enrich the hive,
 If all within their compass they devour,
 And, like the bee, steal sweets from ev'ry
 flower?

Old books, old plays, old thoughts, will never
 Originals for me, and something new!" [do;

"New? (cries the lady) pry'thce, man have
 done! [fun.
 We know there's nothing new beneath the
 Weave, like the spider, from your proper
 brains,
 And take at last a cobweb for your pains!
 What is invention? 'tis not thoughts innate;
 Each head at first is but an empty pate.
 'Tis but retailing from a wealthy hoard
 The thought, which observation long has
 stor'd.

Combining images with lucky hit,
 Which sense and education first admit.
 Who, borrowing little from the common store
 Mends what he takes, and from his own adds
 more,

He is original; or inspiration
 Never fill'd hard of this, or other nation,
 And Shakespeare's art is merely imitation. }
 For 'tis a truth long prov'd beyond all doubt,
 Where nothing's in, there's nothing can come
 out."

Modes oft may change, and old give way to
 new,

Or vary betwixt London and Peru;
 Yet here, and every where, the general frame
 Of nature and of man is still the same:
 Huge ruffs and farthingales are out of fashion;
 But still the human heart's the seat of passion:
 And he may boast his genius stands the test,
 Who paints our passions and our humours best,
 Censure not all; to praise let all aspire,
 For emulation fans the Poet's fire.

Put not one grand extinguisher on plays;
 But with kind musers gently mend their blaze.

While other licens'd lotteries prevail,
 Our bard, by ticklish lotry, tempts a sale,
 Prints the particulars of his Museum,
 And boldly calls the public in to see 'em;
 Their calculation must his fate reveal,
 Who ventures all in the dramatic wheel.

DRURY-LANE.

THE NOTE OF HAND:

Or, A TRIP TO NEWMARKET.

A Group of characters truly comic, and
 employed in such a manner as to
 create a laughable effect, are introduced in
 this humorous farce, which is said to be
 the production of Mr. Cumberland.

The outline of the story is this: Rivers,
 a young gentleman, having lost most of
 his fortune at Newmarket, resolves to re-
 tire to Ireland, where he had a considerable
 estate; but before he puts his determina-
 tion in execution, Mrs. Chievely, a lady to
 whom he paid his addresses, and whose af-
 fection he imagined he had lost, hearing of
 his being cured of his folly, gives a note to
 his uncle, by which she promises, "To
 surrender at sight her person and fortune
 into Rivers's hands. He receives this draft
 from his uncle, who disguises himself as a
 gamester,

gamester, and takes the name of Sunder-land, in order to observe the conduct of his nephew, and supposing it to be a draft for money, gives it, without reading, to O'Connor Mc'Cormick, one of his Irish tenants, who sim-ly passes it, without knowing the purport of it, to Revel, a Gamester: on discovering this circumstance, he pays the Irishman fifty guineas; and goes himself to Mrs. Chievely to demand the contents. Rivers finds out his mistake, and flies to his Mistress in great perturbation of mind, which produces a scene of embarrassment, that is replete with entertainment.

The affair is at last settled by the generosity of Revel, and Rivers discovers the person who had won his money to be his Uncle. Matters being arrived at this crisis, the piece concludes by Revel joining the hands of Rivers and the Lady, and declaring, "though he has made many matches upon that spot, that was the most disinterested and proper he ever was concerned in."

Though such is the turn of the plot, the interior business is much more useful; it discovers the many infamous and ridiculous practices of the frequenters of Newmarket races, under the honourable appellation of Black Legs; particularly the characters of a gaming Statesman, and three broken Tradesmen, whose neglect of business, and dissipations of the town, have forced them on this disgraceful way of life.

It was received with very great applause; and will, doubtless, be no inconsiderable after-piece in the stock-list of farces.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MOODY.

OH such a fight! I've been upon the course,
And he may talk his nonsense till he's hoarse:
What matters an old Canterbury story?
Upon my soul, Newmarket's in its glory.
Such galloping, such gambling, and such betting,
Such capering, such cutting and curvetting;
Oh! such a world of bothering and noise,
So many Cambridge hacks and college boys;
Then there is such a riot and a rattle,
With lifts of—"Terrible, terrible, high-bred cattle!"
"Lifts of the Sporting Ladies, Sir;" O Lord,
This foolish Poet's no where, take my word,

He's jaded at two heats, as I'm alive;

'Tis well its out of rule to start for five.

What signifies his farce? 'tis all a jest;

Upon my soul, Firetail's a lovely beast—

So sleek, so trim, so slender, and so thin,

They lead him out, and then they lead him in.

Oh! if that Roman fellow now was there,

(What was his name?) that made his horse

Lord Mayor;

He might have choice and plenty, a whole stud

Of Senators and Consuls, thorough blood,

What neighing after one another's spouses!

What snorting and kicking in both houses!

Shake but the sieve, as sure as I am born,

There's none amongst them but would "come

to corn."

Why such a hair-brain'd spark might think it

To turn his stubble loose into the pit:

Long-tail and bob-tail, blacks and sprightly

bays,

And filthy duns, and old flea-bitten greys,

Young high-bred fillies, and fine dappled

mares,

And braying critics with long pricking ears:

Stand by your Poet, Sirs, and keep your

places,

You'll get no harm at his Newmarket Races.

SETHONA.

THE principal merit of this Tragedy consists in a tolerable good plot, with some fine stage situations; for which reason it is not a little indebted to the performers, who, it must be said, did the greatest justice to their several parts. The writer of it is generally supposed to be Alexander Dow, Esq; Author of the History of Hindostan, and now a Colonel in the service of the East-India Company.

If it is true, that Mr. Dow was the Author of Zingis, we think him much improved since the appearance of that Tragedy; nor were the several audiences at this new performance less sensible of his merit, as they received the piece with every mark of approbation.

The dresses, scenery, and decorations of this play are much superior to those of any modern tragedy; they do ample justice to the author, and likewise do honour to the taste and spirit of the manager, who seems to have spared no expence to furnish a splendid and rational entertainment to the public.

PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. Cumberland; and spoken by Mr. Reddih.

IN classic times, as learned authors say,
When Greek or Roman wits produc'd a play,
The herald Prologue, ere the sports began,
Fairly slept forward, and announc'd the plan:
In few plain words he ran the fable through,
And, without favour, publish'd all he knew.

Am

An honest custom; for the plan was clear,
The scene was simple, and the Muse sincere;
No tawdry fashions warp'd the public taste,
The times were candid, and the stage was chaste.

Can we expect, in these enlighten'd days,
A courtly age should held such vulgar ways?
Or that a blabbing prologue should disclose
Scenes, which no muse of fashion ever shews?
No, Sirs,—“Sethena is the lady's name—
“She liv'd at Memphis—of unullul'd fame:
“A tyrant woo'd her—but she lik'd another,
“And once 'twas fear'd her lover was her brother.”

As for the rest, a little patience borrow,
The Chronicle will tell you all to-morrow;
Authors are now so over-modest grown,
They publish all men's writings but their own.

But let no living bard conceive offence,
Nor take the gen'ral in a partial sense.
Peace to all such! the lab'ring bee must feed
From flow'r to flow'r; perchance from weed
to weed;

And should the comb unwelcome flavour yield,
The fault's not in the fabric, but the field:
The critic wasp, mean-while upon the wing,
(An insect fraught with nothing but a sting)
Disturbs th' industrious hive, for malice sake,
Marring that honey which he cannot make,

An absent bard, engag'd in distant war,
This night appears by proxy at your bar:
As o'er Arabia's wilds he took his way,
From sultry Otrus and the realms of day,
His active mind, superior to its toil,
Struck out these scenes upon the burning soil.
No cooling grottoes, no umbrageous groves,
To win the Graces, and allure the Loves;
No Heliconian fount, wherein to dip,
And slake the burning fever on his lip;
Before him all is desert, waste, and dry,
Above him flames the tyrant of the sky;
Around his temples gath'ring whirlwinds fight,
And drifts of scorching dust involve the light.
Oh, snatch your Poet from impending death,
And on his shrine we'll hang his votive wreath.

EPILOGUE;

Written by Mr. Garrick, and spoken by Mrs. Barry.

AS it is prov'd, by scholars of great fame,
That Gypsies and Egyptians are the same;
I, from my throne of Memphis shift the scene,
And of the Gypsies now step forth the Queen;
Suppose, that with a blanket on my shoulder,
An old strip'd jacket, petticoat still older,
With ebon locks, in wild disorder spread,
The diadem—a clout about my head;
My dingy Majesty here takes her stand,
Two children at my back, and one in hand;
With curfey thus, and arts my mother taught,
I'll tell your fortunes, as a Gypsey ought.
Too far to reach your palms, I'll mark the traces

Which fate has drawn upon your comely faces;
See what is written on the outward skin,
And from the title-page, know all within.

TO THE UPPER GALLERY.

First, in Your faces I will mark each letter,
Had they been cleaner, I had seen 'em better;
Yet thro' that cloud some rays of sunshine dart,
An unwash'd face oft veils the cleanest heart.

That honest Tar, with Nancy by his side,
So loving, leering, whispers thus his bride:
“I love you, Nancy; faith and troth I do;
“Sound as a biscuit is my heart, and true.”
“Indeed, dear Johnny, do I love you.”
Love on, fond pair, indulge your inclination,
You ne'er will know, for want of education,
Hate, infidelity, and separation.

TO THE PIT AND BOXES.

Some Cits I see look dull, and some look gay,
As in 'Change-alley they have pass'd the day,
City Barometers! for as stocks go,
What mercury they have, is high or low.
What's in the wind which makes that patriot
vere?

He smells a contract or lott'ry next year;
Some Courtiers too I see, whose features low'r,
Just turning patriots, they begin to four;
What in your faces can a gypsey see?
Ye youths of fashion, and of family!
What are we not to hope from taste and rank?
All prizes in this lottery?—blank—blank—
blank—

Now for the Ladies—I no lines can spy
To tell their fortunes—and I'll tell you why;
These fine-drawn lines, which would their
fate display,

Are, by the hand of fashion, brush'd away;
Pity it is, on beauty's fairest spot,
Where Nature writes her best, they make a
blot!—

I'd tell our author's fortune, but his face,
As distant far as India from this place,
Requires a keener sight than mine to view;
His Fortune only can be told by You.

SCHOOL OF SHAKESPEARE.

ON Wednesday, Feb. 16, the School of Shakespeare was again opened by Dr. Kenrick, for examining into the merits of the Tragedy of Othello; but as the Lecturer had been greatly censured in the public papers for his late remarks on Hamlet, he prefaced his harangue by an answer to those writers, and in a clear and concise manner acquitted himself of whatever he had laid to his charge. Some questions which had been sent to him, relative to these matters, he answered with much candour, and his observations were not without humour.

In his remarks on the Tragedy of Othello, we cannot but think him superlatively great; and he also gave his audience sufficient proof of the soundness of his judgment:—for, though none of Shakespeare's Commentators ever doubted but that Othello was of a real black complexion, and though every performer of that character has followed the same opinion, and put on an *absolute negro face*, yet the Doctor asserted that he was *not a black*, and, at

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work, only of a *tawny* colour. This assertion he supported by the following arguments :

First, That a young Lady of Desdemona's delicacy of sentiment could never have fallen in love with a Negro; and more particularly, if we suppose him "ill-favoured and old," as Shakspeare calls him, we must conceive a greater idea of Desdemona's indelicacy; whereas, supposing him *tawny*, there is nothing very unnatural in it.

Secondly, It could not be imagined that the Venetians would depute the chief command of their forces to a Negro; whereas, that a Moor should occupy this important trust, was nothing extraordinary, in a country where an intercourse with the Moorish race had been long established.

A third presumptive proof was deduced from Othello's religion. He was a Christian; for he recounts the taking a circumcised enemy to the state by the throat. The Moors, the Lecturer observed, were strongly inclined at one time to Christianity, though that mode of faith hath since been extirpated from almost every country inhabited by Moors.

And what corroborated his opinion, was a passage which seemed to indicate, that he was descended from the Moorish Kings of Old Spain.

From these considerations, we cannot but think the Doctor's hypothesis to be the true one; nor can we conceive the propriety of Shakspeare's calling Othello the *Moor of Venice*, unless he meant that specific tribe of Moors, between whom and the inhabitants of Old Spain, a frequent intercourse had been carried on by wars and treaties; and his describing Othello as one of *those Moors*, unquestionably ascertained his colour.

Having gone thus far, he quitted the Tragedy for the present, and took up that part of the Merry Wives of Windsor, where Falstaff is out-witted by the frolics of Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford. Here the Doctor left the Commentator for the Actor, much to the satisfaction of his audience, as he recited those admirable, well-known descriptions of Falstaff's misfortunes in the Buck Basket, and in the character of the Old Woman of Brentford, in a light that illustrated the beauties of the poet much more forcibly than the whole catalogue of

his mere verbal commentators; in short, in the former part of his Lecture, the Doctor was labouring to maintain a *new doctrine* upon slippery ground; in the latter he recited the language of Shakspeare in the first of all his comic personages; which, as he conceived rightly, and spoke characteristically, could not fail to be agreeable to all lovers of pure, unadulterated old English humour.

Thus ended the Lecture for that evening; and on Friday the 18th inst. an exhibition extraordinary was given, which the Doctor proposed as an appeal to the public, respecting the treatment he had met with, in his play of *FALSTAFF'S WEDDING*, which the Manager of — Theatre is said to have refused a *ninth night's* performance, that being, it seems, (as well as the 3d and 6th nights) a pequisite of the Author's. He delivered the following occasional prologue, and afterwards recited the whole comedy.

PROLOGUE.

BY means unmanly, and from motives mean,
Refus'd th' advantage of the needful scene;
By force and fraud oppress'd, an injur'd muse
Here to the candid for protection sues;
To splendid profits tho' deny'd her claim,
Justice, at least, may here be done her fame.
Here, where old Ben, and Shakspeare, in their day,
Pass'd their convivial, jjoyous hours away;
Mix'd with the bottle and the flowing bowl
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."
Here, where no scribbling manager maintains
A right exclusive to an author's gains;
Acting the tyrant's, or the traitor's part,
As, arm'd with power, or, fought the aid of wit,
He makes meek bards for three third-nights take one,
To some gives half a loaf, to others none.
His still the whole, howe'er it plague or please
Play-wrights or play'rs, or passive patentees!
Here where no critics, arm'd with bludgeons, sit,
Decisive arbiters o'er works of wit,
Like lawless myrmidons, to awe the town,
And, if a friend applauds—to knock him down,
Here, where as friends, the author all would greet,
Tho' 'mong so many friends, some foes he
Low may the plan be deem'd, because its new;
But nought degrades that's patroniz'd by you.
Nay, why should poets now take on them more
Than did the great Mæonides of yore?

Ere Thespis mounted the theatric art,
Ere yet a manager was worth a cart,
(Tho' now stage-waggons it appears are found
With properties worth fourscore thousand pound,

Prodigious

Prodigious sum! why, puff'd with proper care,
It might be blown into a bank—of Air.)
Long ere the actor's walk was known to fame,
(For ancient authors would themselves de-
claim;

The two professions, now so oft at strife,
United in an errant itroller's life;
Homer himself, who rented house nor home,
Was wont thro' Greece a vagabond to roam;
Chanting Achilles' wrath, in verse divine,
At ev'ry tavern where they sold good wine;
The hostess touch'd with fair Briseis' rape,
Whetting his whistle with the juice of grape,
His lays sonorous would he thence recite;
A proof that he could read as well as write.
Strangely the times are alter'd since, indeed;
We modern poets write, but cannot read.
The tongue and pen too powerful in dispute,
'Tis thought, a writer should be half a mute;
Hence as more strong the actor's practis'd
lungs,

Custom has padlock'd our imprison'd tongues;
The arts of speech, the powers of voice and
tone,

With us for want of use half useless grown.
If then we're found but feebly to recite
Ev'n what ourselves as feebly may indite,
Let us for both the like indulgence share;
Nor blame the author, that he's not a play'r.

In the next lecture, on Wednesday the
23d, he proceeded to finish his comments
on Othello, and contradicted the opinion
of the learned Dr. Johnson, as to the excel-
lence of Othello's character; but not with
any great degree of justice;—for Dr. John-
son's saying that he is "brave, open, sin-
cere, and magnanimous," seems mostly, if
not wholly, to relate to him as a *soldier*;
whereas our Lecturer, in questioning his
title to these qualities, and founding his
doubts on the arts he practis'd to gain
Desdemona's affections, have no relation to
his *military capacity*; and even from the
days of Julius Cæsar to the present age,
there are few in that station of life who
would not practise every art to effect the
same purpose. And we must further ob-
serve, that when Desdemona loved him for
the dangers he had encountered, he did not
take advantage of this fondness to accele-
rate her destruction. No; he took only
that advantage which the laws of that
country were framed to encourage;—he
MARRIED her. And this will scarcely be
called a proof of insincerity.

From hence the Doctor went to the cha-
racter of Iago, in which he offered nothing
new; and after noticing the various read-
ings of some few passages, and giving his
opinion, he dismissed the play, and took up
the Comedy of *As you Like it*.

This Comedy seemed to restore the

Doctor to some degree of sound criticism.
He much recommended it for its wit, cha-
racter, and sentiments, and pointed out
many passages which illustrated his opinion,
particularly the following passage of Jacques
moralizing on the wounded deer:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the Hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish: and indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern

COURT

Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase, &c.

He also recited Touchstone's humorous
account of a Court Quarrel, beginning
with the *Retort Courteous*, and ending with
the *Lye Direct*; and concluded the even-
ing's entertainment with some verbal criti-
cisms, wherein he was very jocular on the
various readings of the Commentators.

The Doctor's reputation having risen
very considerably since his recitation of the
part of Falstaff, his audiences became far
more numerous than at first, and at his 7th
Lecture, on Wednesday March 2, the room
was very soon filled. The comedy of the
Merchant of Venice was the subject of this
evening's discussion, but previous to his en-
tering upon it, the Lecturer produced (as
usual) a packet of queries, &c. from his old
friends The Critics, which required a pub-
lic answer. These gentlemen were soon
dispatched, and by the humorous observa-
tions which the Doctor made in the course
of his reply, the subject was far from being
unentertaining.

He then entered into several of the prin-
cipal scenes of the comedy, particularly
those of Shylock's first conference with Bas-
anio, and afterwards with Antonio;—his
scene with Tubal, about the loss of his
daughter; and the trial scene.—It has been
on many occasions remarked, that nothing
adds so much to the spirit of a public per-
former, as a crowded audience: and thus
it has been also with Dr. Kenrick; for in
the declamatory parts of this comedy, we
think him far superior to any he has ever
yet attempted,—the character of Falstaff
alone excepted.

Some verbal criticisms closed this even-
ing's lecture, in which he exercised his usual
jocularity on the trips of Shakespeare's com-
mentators.

The

The LITERARY REVIEW.

ART. XLVIII. *Political Disquisitions; or, an Enquiry into public Errors, Defects, and Abuses. Illustrated by, and established upon Facts and Remarks extracted from a Variety of Authors, ancient and modern.*

NO single original work was ever published which contained so much useful knowledge as may be comprized in a judicious compilation. In productions of this kind, we are presented with the sentiments not of one, but of a multitude of authors; whence the errors and prejudices so natural to the human understanding are most readily discovered, and the dubious track of reason is enlightened by all the luminaries of science. The author of the disquisitions before us appears to have consulted with unwearied application the most approved historians and writers on the subject of politics, for the purpose of collecting such facts and remarks, as serve to illustrate the principles of the British constitution, and enable his readers to distinguish between the abuses and salutary regulations not only in the legislative, but also in the executive part of our government. The method by which he has been guided in extracting this great collection of political observations increases their value in a high degree, by shewing that the object of his researches was not to confirm by authorities any doctrines in favour of which he was prejudiced; but indiscriminately to adopt the various remarks made by writers of distinguished reputation, ancient and modern, and by an application of the principles on which those are founded, ascertain the merits or defects of the government of this country.

In the first chapter of the work, the Author briefly explains the nature and brigin of government in general; after which he proceeds to shew, in the second chapter, that the people are the fountain of authority, and the last resource in government. He then takes a short view of government by representation; and next, the advantages of parliamentary governments.

In the second book, he enters into a particular consideration of various circumstances relative to parliaments, respecting their irregularity and deficiency, by establishment, or abuse. Under the former head, he treats of the disadvantages of inadequate representation, and of the length of parliaments. He lays before us, at some length, the arguments for and against the responsibility of members of parliament to their constituents; and afterwards treats of parliamentary corruption, and ministerial influence in the house.

MISCEL. VOL. I,

This work cannot fail of being highly useful to members of parliament, and all those who are desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the principles and defects of the British constitution: as the most valuable materials on these subjects are here collected from the best authorities, and arranged in methodical order.—*Critical Review.*

XLIX. *Observations on the Power of Climate over the Policy, Strength, and Manners of Nations.* 8vo. 3s.

AS far as the policy and manners of men can be supposed to receive a bias from the vigour or debility of their constitutions, so far may we admit the influence of climate on the political regulations of society. If we look into history, however, we shall find but little reason for ascribing to the temperature of the air alone, so powerful an effect on human manners, as is maintained by the abettors of that hypothesis. The climate of Greece, we presume, is the same at present that it was upwards of two thousand years ago, yet where is now that noble spirit of liberty, and that glorious heroism which so much distinguished the ancient inhabitants of that country? The climate of Rome, it is likewise well known, was never remarkably favourable to corporeal strength, though under it the love of liberty long flourished in so high a degree as has never been surpassed by the robust inhabitants of the North. The author of the treatise under our consideration acknowledges that the effect of climate on the policy and manners of nations, may be greatly varied by other circumstances, and he illustrates his subject chiefly by observations drawn from our own country.

We shall present our readers with the chapter in which he describes the influence of the enervating causes on the inhabitants of South Britain, some ages after the Norman conquest:

“The glorious reigns of our Kings of the Plantagenet race present an hostile countenance to that principle which I had endeavoured to establish from the effects of soil and situation upon the inhabitants of South Britain. I have wished to convey to my reader an idea, that the temperature of our climate is favourable to the growth of every virtue, but our soil and situation are enemies to the preservation of them, ever working to their corruption as they rise to maturity: that if accidents, lucky events, or good policy, shall remove the embarrassments of the enervating circumstances, and restore to climate

a freedom

a freedom of acting, its genuine force will then disclose itself, and virtue be again the characteristic of South-Britain. What were the causes which restored this power to climate, and continued it almost without interruption, from the Conquest until the time of Henry VII. I shall now endeavour to shew.

"The Norman Barons, from the time their ancestors had seized upon the province of Neustria, were obliged to wage almost perpetual wars with the Kings of France, who were piqued, and with good reason, at seeing a feudatory imposed upon them, too proud and too powerful to be dependent on the crown; the art of war, through necessity was their chief study, and their wonderful achievements in Italy and Sicily shew the great excellence of Norman discipline; by force they became masters of England, and force was to be used in preserving it; the Scotch, who had dispossessed the interest of the Saxon royal family, were to be held in observation; a descent of the Danes was with reason to be apprehended; the Saxons, whom they had taken by surprize, indeed soon became incorporated with the victory; brave by nature as themselves, they soon caught their noble ardour, and became masters of their discipline. The increase of territory accruing to our Sovereigns by intermarriages with the Houses of Anjou and of Aquitaine, enlarged their intercourse with the Continent, and the claims upon the entire Kingdom of France, which devolved upon Edward III. in right of his mother, opening that intercourse still wider, laid a foundation for almost continual wars, and gave so bright a glow to the military spirit of England, as to dazzle the eyes of all Europe. When the prosecution of these claims was at any time remitted, the great struggles with the Crown, the civil wars of York and Lancaster, kept up the national attention to arms; and when these principal causes were quiescent, the inroads from Scotland, the insurrections of the Welch, or the troubles of Ireland, constantly agitating the people, made them ever warlike and alert; there were no seasons to sit down to a luxurious enjoyment of the things the country afforded; they could not hug themselves in the security which the sea presented them; strong continental connexions had broken their insularity of situation; inattention to the schemes of foreign courts was shaken off; the want of a due information, which want had left the politics of England, during the Saxon period, in a state of gross imperfection, was supplied: and these will, I hope, be admitted as sufficient reasons why England thro' these ages could not, by yielding to the circumstances of soil and situation, sink into the sloth down of sloth and luxury; she was then a body healthy and athletic from temperance and exercise, by the absence of which invigorating causes, she became in succeeding ages languid, swollen, unwieldy, and distemper'd.

"The civil wars of York and Lancaster had so called home the attention of the English, that Lewis XI. seized the opportunity of rendering their re-establishment in France impracticable for the future, for the Duke of Burgundy was destroyed; they began to feel the influence of trade however remote, and although Henry VII. was a narrow-minded, contemptible, avaricious tyrant, yet not a spark of their former spirit could his oppressions strike out of the nation; as to the important change of property, occasioned by laws enacted in his reign, it could not as yet have operated to the humiliation of the Nobles, for Oxford dismissed his retainers thro' fear of Henry, not through want of means to support them; and if the Commons had acquired property, it did not add to their resolution, for they endured the unwarrantable exactions of Dudley and Empson with a patience unexampled in former reigns: in short, so soon as peace, together with that commercial turn which Europe had then taken, had furnished the English with the means of indulgence and ease, they would not run the hazard of immediately losing them, by attempting to give a check to this first of the Tudor race; nor did the despotism of this family arise from any extraordinary courage in them, but from the abject submission of the people; and here impartiality must allow, that although the former active periods had kept up the courage of the English, yet did all their domestic contention spring from implicit obedience to their great Barons before the battle of Evesham, or from attachment to particular branches of the reigning family, until the distinction was lost in the union of the contending houses: it never arose from a just notion of civil liberty, which hath not the aggrandizement of Barons, the pretensions of particular families to a crown, for its concern, as the above causes being removed, we see them tamely submitting to Henry VIII. the most bloody and brutal tyrant that ever deformed the annals of a nation: we cannot point out one well-regulated effort in favour of liberty through the long course of his reign; the religious prejudices of a bigotted nation given up, the property of the church peaceably transferred to the crown and to a part of the laity, the fortresses of superstition entirely dismantled under him and his successor; and to prove that the nation did not submit from conviction, we have only to observe, that what was done in his and Edward's reign was immediately reversed, with the like consent of the people, in the reign of Mary, whose gloomy and horrid cruelties were suffered until death removed her: These all are marks not of national patience but of national insensibility. As to Elizabeth, her greatest admirers must allow her to be no better than a sensible despot: she had occasion for the affection of her people, and she had the address to enjoin them; but it is evident from what they

they had borne from her predecessors, that if she had Philip for her friend, instead of his being her enemy, she might not only have offended, but oppressed them with impunity: As to the boasted glories of her reign, it is true she preserved the peace of England, but what figure would she have made, if she had a principal part to maintain upon the Continent, like some of our former monarchs? Had she their extensive dominions in France to preserve? she who in the distracted state of the French Monarchy, after the death of Henry II. had not even the spirit of making the smallest effort for the recovery of Calais."

The Author next briefly considers the state of the English spirit under the Stuart race, and whether it appeared to advantage in the important event of the Revolution. In surveying these periods of our history, he entertains no high opinion of any opposition to arbitrary government that is not immediately supported by an insurrection of the people. For a nation to submit to despotism rather than have recourse to arms in defence of their liberties, would certainly argue a degree of the most contemptible pusillanimity; but when we reflect on the inconveniencies and horrors unavoidably attending a civil war, the resort to that expedient can never be justified, except upon the principle of necessity, and after every other means of preserving the constitution has been tried.

The Author's opinion of the English in the present age, will appear from the following passage:

"It being clear that the bravery of such a nation as ours is inversely as the power which the enervating effects of soil and situation is permitted to exercise over its people, it is no less certain that the bravery of such a nation may degenerate into rank cowardice: To say the English are fallen so low would be unjust, and to deny that they are much beneath the same key of real courage, at which they formerly were, would be truly ridiculous. The lustre of the late war will be urged to the contrary; but there are many reasons why the entire credit of the war should not be given to English bravery. Its success was, in a great measure, owing to the extraordinary expence attending it, by which it was so perfectly served in every quarter of the globe; it was owing to the extensive genius of the man who planned its operations; it was owing to the great numbers of Germans, of Scotch, of Irish, and of Americans, who served in our fleets and armies, paid indeed by English money, but English money is neither English strength nor courage; if we add to these considerations the wretched incapacity of the French ministry, under the direction of a weak woman, the war, on their side, strangled in its birth by the want of an immediate conjunction of the houses of Bourbon, the one disabled before the other moved, which could then do little more than give additional splen-

dor to the triumphs of Britain; these things considered, from the uncommon lustre of the war we speak of, a superior courage of the present English, to their courage at former periods, cannot by any means be inferred, nor even an equality."

This writer inveighs with particular severity against the prevailing manners of the nobility and gentry in this country, whom he describes as totally immersed in luxury and dissipation, which he also observes are every day extending their pernicious influence among the people in general. In this degenerate state, he appears to be of opinion, that the yet untainted virtue of the Scots is the best security which the inhabitants of England at present enjoy for the continuance of public liberty. That the people in the north part of the island are as yet less corrupted by luxury than their southern neighbours, we believe will be generally admitted; but it is certain that the contagion makes perceptible progress among the former; and we should be sorry to think that the English spirit were so much degenerated, as to be entirely dependent for protection upon the inhabitants of any part of the united kingdom. The valour and activity displayed in the last war, by the English as well as the Scots, appears to afford no real ground for such an invidious conclusion as is drawn by the author upon this subject.

In these Observations we meet with several political remarks, which are ingenious and just; and though the Author is sometimes too precipitate in recommending immediate recourse to the most violent measures on every infringement of liberty, he seems to be actuated by a laudable attachment to the principles and safety of the constitution.—*Critical Review.*

L. *The Seaman's Medical Instructor, in a Course of Lectures on Accidents and Diseases incident to Seamen in the various Climates of the World. By N. D. Fulch, M. D. 8vo. 4s.*

A Practical Treatise on the diseases incident at sea, delivered in so plain a manner as to be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with physic, must be a work equally acceptable and useful, to many in the seafaring life; and the author of these lectures seems to have rendered them, as much as could be expected, suitable for that purpose.—*Critical Review.*

LL. *The poetical Works of the late Wm. Dunkin, D. D. to which are added, his Epistles, &c. to the late Earl of Chesterfield. 2 vols. 1l. 1s.*

THE Author of these Poems, we are informed, attracted very early in life the notice of Dr. Swift, who is said to have procured, from some of his productions, that he would one day make an eminent figure in the poetical world. The same opinion of his talents seems to have been entertained like-

wife by the late Earl of Chesterfield. This Nobleman, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was so much pleased with some of Dr. Dunkin's compositions, that voluntarily becoming his patron, he bestowed on him the valuable rectory of Inniskilling, and honoured him ever after with distinguished marks of his friendship. What were the particular pieces which procured the author the esteem of those discerning judges of literary merit, we are not told; but these volumes contain such proofs of poetical genius as fully justify the prediction of the celebrated dean of St. Patrick, and place the favour of Lord Chesterfield in the most honourable and distinguished light.

That our readers may be enabled to form some idea of Dr. Dunkin's disposition of mind, as well as of his poetry,* we shall lay before them his address to himself.

"Ambition paying court to knaves,
And fools, to lord it over slaves,
Like creeping ivy, which would rise
From humble earth, to brave the skies,
Yet in its progress often falls
With ruinous and rotten walls,
Never annoy'd my youthful years
With sanguine hopes, or abject fears:
Yet often have I wish'd to see,
My days from low dependance free,

"Indulgent Providence at last,
In pity to my labours past,
Preferred my suit in sending o'er,
Accomplish'd St-nh-pe to our shore;
Supreme of all the tuneful throng,
He listen'd to my simple song,
He listen'd, and approv'd—but left
The song, like many more deccas'd,
Should not survive, though he might give
Applause, he bade its author live,
Remov'd from Dublin's clouded air,
To breathe a purer atmosphere,
His bard on ancient Erne's banks
To Heav'n and him returns his thanks.

"He there sequester'd from the croud,
And independent from the proud,
Imprints the principles of truth
And honour on the minds of youth.
If haply his assiduous toil
May benefit his native soil,
Peopling with patriots good and wise,
The venal world, from which he flies,
He triumphs there compos'd to dwell,
With calm contentment in a cell,
Nor once inveighs against the fates,
That robb'd his birth of three citates."

From the various poems with which we are presented in these two volumes, the genius of the Author is conspicuous. To a fertile invention he added the descriptive talents which are essential to the most sublime kind of poetry: and the elegance of his compositions in Greek and Latin, is such as seldom has been equalled by modern writers.

—Critical Reviews.

* *On. of his poetical pieces is inserted p. 152.*

LII. *The Earl of Douglas, an English Story. From the French of the Comtesse D'Ansis. 3 vols. 9s.*

THE incidents in this novel are represented as happening in the reign of Henry VIII. The Earl of Warwick, whom motives of self-preservation induce to quit England, leaves behind him his lady, and an infant daughter named Julia, who, at the request of Lady Warwick, who dies soon after the departure of her Lord, is received into the family of the Earl and Countess of Douglas, then residing in this country, and reputed to be their own child. A mutual attachment soon commences between Julia and Hypopolitus, son to the Earl of Douglas, which becomes so violent when they have nearly reached their sixteenth year, that the thoughts of being brother and sister rendered them perfectly unhappy, and placed an eternal bar against the gratification of their wishes. To their great joy they are afterwards undeceived with respect to the supposed relation in which they stood to each other; but the prospect of happiness from this discovery unfortunately proves of short duration. For Lord and Lady Douglas, observing the passion which subsisted between the young lovers, determined to oppose their union, and had for some time entertained the design of marrying Hypopolitus to a daughter of the Earl of Argyle, an heiress of great fortune. Apprehending however that all their vigilance and authority would prove insufficient for preventing Hypopolitus and Julia from entering into the matrimonial alliance, unless the intercourse between them could be broke off, they resolved to send their son abroad a few years; imagining that his love for Julia might be obliterated by absence, and that in the mean time she might be married to the Earl of Bedford, who was her suitor. Hypopolitus accordingly is equipped for his travels, but instead of embarking for the Continent, as imagined by his father and mother, he resides privately with the Earl of Suffolk, his friend, for the sake of holding secret interviews with his beloved Julia, whom he visits in the night by a passage which led from the garden into her chamber. By an extraordinary incident, however, this correspondence becomes known to the Earl of Douglas, who is greatly enraged at the discovery, and again dispatches Hypopolitus upon his tour to the Continent, who is now obliged actually to depart.

During the unhappy separation of the lovers, the letters which privately pass between them are intercepted by the Earl and Countess of Douglas, by whose means seditious letters are substituted, with the design of betraying Julia into the belief that she no longer possessed the affection of Hypopolitus, and of disposing her to marry the Earl of Bedford, thereby to remove the obstacle which stood in the way of completing the intended alliance between their son and the daughter of Argyle.

Argyle. In consequence of this artifice, Julia is persuaded to submit to the marriage with Bedford, in spite of the great aversion she had for him, and the inviolable attachment which she still preserved for her beloved Hyppolitus, notwithstanding his imagined infidelity. The situation of Julia and her husband on this event, presents us with a picture of the wretched state of those who enter into a connatal alliance without mutual affection. We shall lay before our readers the account of this unhappy union.

"The fatal day arrived. Julia was dressed in a silver brocade, with roses scattered carelessly over it—her diamonds were set in the most elegant taste, and her fair hair adorned with flowers. She never appeared so beautiful! The sweet languor of her countenance, the paleness of her complexion, gave a delicacy that rather added to, than diminished the graces of her person. The Earl of Bedford could scarce believe this unexpected transition from misery to happiness real!—His joy was extravagant;—but all his transports, his love, his constancy, made no impression on the heart of Julia. The marriage was celebrated at Buckingham:—the ball-room was crowded in the evening with people of the first fashion, who all remarked the deep melancholy of the fair victim; some attempted to divert her with the sallies of their wit, but her answers were equally short to the gay and the serious part of the company.

"The Earl had been that morning informed of all that related to the birth of Julia, as it was judged improper he should marry her as the Earl of Douglas's daughter, though he wished that circumstance still to remain a secret to the world. Instead of making their public appearance at court, the Earl of Bedford carried his bride into Berkshire, where he had a castle magnificent enough to be supposed a royal residence, rather than that of a subject.—To the most delightful natural situation was united all the embellishments of art. Its vicinity to the greatest forest in Hampshire, furnished this solitary retreat with magnificent shades of elms and oaks, venerable by their antiquity, though within forty miles of the capital, the interposition of vast woods gave the appearance of a much farther distance, nor were the seats of the nobility, which abounded in this county, so near as to lessen the air of retirement, but dispersed in a manner that added new beauties to the perspective of this charming scene.

"Here it was the unhappy Julia accompanied—not the husband of her choice! She petitioned the Countess to favour her with Lucilla's company; she readily complied.—Who would have seen without compassion, the deep melancholy that preyed on her spirits? I had no conception, would she say to Lucilla, that my misery could be greater,—that it was possible for me to suffer more than I had suffered. But, alas! how am I mista-

ken!—Each day, each moment, heaps was on woe upon my wretched head! The terrible constraint I am obliged to support in the presence of a husband I can never love;—the secret reproaches;—the remorse, their never-failing consequence;—the tender remembrance of a lover too dear!—The desire of performing the task of duty;—of tearing from the heart an inclination it is now a crime to indulge.—All these sensations are so painful, so exquisitely alarming,—that I sometimes dread the most horrid effects from my despair! Accountable only to myself, I at least avoided the shame of blushing for the sentiments of my heart! What a wretched martyr to these sentiments! Let it not, my God, be of long duration!

"Here, tears burst from her eyes in torrents.—Lucilla sympathized with her, but, great as her inclination was to comfort and support her, all endeavours were ineffectual.

"The Earl of Bedford, notwithstanding the gratification of his wishes, felt himself sensibly mortified in knowing he was not beloved.—Love, with all its blindness, is quick and penetrating;—distinguishes, with fatal precision, the effects of complaisance from those of preference. Love is prone to flatter,—to impose on itself.—But there is a source of delicate delight which the heart tastes freely of in the exchange of mutual professions of affection; when one alone is animated, there are many wretched moments that explain the misfortune, though the heart may continue devoted to its object. Such was the state of the Earl of Bedford; and in these moments of disappointment, he was studious to discover who could have robbed him of the affection of his wife.—His reflexions did not even lead him to conjecture!—So prudent in her behaviour;—such professed indifference for the world;—educated in retirement;—he was persuaded if she did not love him, that at least she had no prepossession in favour of another! And though the certainty of the former gave him great concern, he felt as great consolation in the belief of the latter. I shall be completely happy in time, said he to one of his intimate friends, Julia is at present insensible; but when her heart is once susceptible of tenderness, I doubt not her endearments will be the result of love, as they now are of principle."

The distress of Hyppolitus on receiving intelligence of this transaction, may easily be imagined. He immediately departs from Italy, accompanied by Leander, a young gentleman of fortune in that country. On their arrival in England, after some extraordinary adventures, they procure access to the Earl of Bedford's, in the disguise of pedlars. On this occasion, the tenderness discovered by the Countess for her faithful Hyppolitus, so much offends the Earl, that he resolves on placing her in a convent in France, and this scheme is soon carried into execution. A series of disasters succeeds, till at last Hyppolitus,

litus, who had now come to the title of Earl of Douglas, and gone again to the continent in search of his beloved Julia, discovers her in very affecting circumstances. This conjuncture is rendered more surprising by the presence of her father, the Earl of Warwick, who was supposed to be dead, and that of the Earl of Bedford, who had married a lady in Italy. A prosecution for bigamy is commenced against the latter of these noblemen, which affecting his spirits, produces a fever that soon proves mortal. The impediments to the union of the faithful lovers being removed by this event, they are at length permitted to enjoy the happiness for which, for so many years, they had sighed in vain.

In this novel the manners are such as correspond to the idea of those times when tilts and tournaments were the fashionable diversions over Europe. Though the fair author sometimes leads us beyond the verge of civil life, she entertains us with a frequent succession of surprising incidents, rendered yet more interesting by the consequences of which they are severally productive.—*Cr. R.*

LIII. *Considerations on the State of Subscription to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England, towards the Close of the Year 1773.* 8vo, 1s. 6d.

WITHIN the present century we have made considerable improvements in the arts and sciences. The physics and metaphysics of Aristotle, which were once in the highest estimation, the very standard of truth and reason, are now exploded. The cobwebs and rubbish of the schools are swept away, and buried in oblivion. A new philosophy is introduced, founded upon mathematical demonstration, and actual experiments. But in religion, a set of articles, drawn up two centuries ago, suitable to the scholastic notions of those times, remain still in use, as the pattern, according to which all the clergy are to square their opinions, and frame their instructions! Men of sense, who read and reflect, easily perceive and acknowledge their impertinence; and heartily wish that we could explode absurdities in theology, as we have exploded absurdities in philosophy. But there seems to be a certain timidity, irresolution, or indolence, in those who ought to conduct and accomplish a reformation. Some are unable, and others are unwilling, to manage the important undertaking, and therefore they are disposed to defer it to a more convenient season.

The author of the pamphlet, which we have now before us, having given us an historical view of the state of subscription, from the Reformation to the present time, and shown its inutility, its impropriety upon Protestant principles, thus addresses himself to the legislature:

"Think upon these things with the seriousness that such a cause deserves; and ask yourselves, if you do not exert your endeavours to rectify, no nor even to enquire into, what has been pointed out to your examination, what has been so repeatedly requested, and in the name of Christianity demanded, how will you answer for the omission at the tribunal of the last day? You our legislators, to whom these affairs are entrusted? You who alone can redress them?"

This is an excellent tract, written in a masterly manner; exhibiting a distinct view of the rise and progress of subscriptions; and breathing a spirit of true Christian liberty and rational religion.—*Crit. Rev.*

LIV. *A Dictionary of the Portuguese and English Languages, in two parts. By Anthony Vieyra a Translagano.* 2 vols. 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d.

NOTWITHSTANDING the commercial intercourse that has for a long time subsisted between Great-Britain and Portugal, the present is the first dictionary of the Portuguese and English languages that has hitherto been published in this country: the execution of it, therefore, must have been attended with extraordinary difficulty, and has been the employment of many years. It comes into the world under the patronage of Lord Clive, who is himself acquainted with the Portuguese language, which is so necessary for the purposes of war and commerce in many of the remote regions, especially in the East Indies.

Whatever contributes to the increase of learning, and facilitates the intercourse between different nations, ought certainly to meet with the encouragement of the public; and from these considerations we hope, that Mr. Anthony Vieyra Translagano will never have reason to repent his having bestowed the attention of so many years on such a laborious work.—*Crit. Rev.*

LV. *Institutes of Natural and Revealed Religion. Vol. II. Containing the Evidences of the Jewish and Christian Revelations. By Joseph Priestly, LL. D. F. R. S.* 2s. 6d. Jewed.

IN the first part of this volume, the author treats of the state of religion and morals among the ancient heathens, before the coming of Christ. He shews the corruption of their theology, the looseness of their moral sentiments, and the uncertainty of their notions with respect to a future existence.

In the second part, he makes some observations on the nature, use, and credibility of miracles. In the third, he states the evidences of the Jewish and Christian religions derived from testimony. In the fourth, he considers their evidence resulting from present appearances. In the fifth, he examines their evidence arising from prophecy. In the sixth, the evidence of several miracles, which have been said to have been wrought for other purposes than the confirmation of the divine revelation. In the conclusion, he answers the objections of unbelievers.

Dr. Priestly, in the distribution of his materials, is easy and natural, and generally exhibits the evidences of revelation with strength and perspicuity.—*Crit. Rev.*

LVI. *Lyric Poems, devotional and moral.* By Thomas Scott. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

THE author of these pieces has aimed, in the choice and arrangement of their several subjects, to form a kind of poetical system of piety and morals.

In his poems he has frequently adopted the sentiments of the sacred writers; and placed the references to the corresponding texts at the bottom of the page.

In the following hymn, the author has taken his ideas from the sixth psalm. The reader may compare it with Mr. Addison's Ode on the same subject*. The superiority, however, is evidently on the side of the Spectator.

Manifestation of GOD in the Heavens.

The firmament's stupendous frame,
Where worlds on worlds in order flame,
In order wheel their azure rounds,
Thy grandeur, mighty God, refunds.

Day rolling after day displays
Thy providence, with lofty praise,
In shadowy robe night rides along,
And echoes loud the lasting song.

Their universal voice demands
Attention, from all reason's lands.
To every clime their speech is known,
Let every clime thy wonders own.

All in majestic splendor bright,
Thy pow'ful minister of light,
Forth from his eastern palace, gay,
Springs out, to shed his vital ray.

Gay as a youth, in glowing bloom,
Forth issues from his spousal room;
Strong as a champion racer's force,
He rushes to his mighty course.

With swift career, from heav'n's extreme
To heav'n's remotest end, his beam
Illumes, O earth, thy joyous seat;
And warms all nature with his heat.

These compositions are not distinguished by any peculiar grace or dignity of language: but animated by a spirit of piety and devotion. They may be ranked in the same class with the Lyric poems of Dr. Watts.—Mr. Scott is the author of a poetical translation of the book of Job, lately published.—*C. R.*

* *Spectator*, No. 464.

LVII. *Vice, a Satire.* 4to. 1s.

THIS piece is written in a style far superior to what we generally find in compositions of this kind. The vices, which the author particularly stigmatizes, are ambition, oppression, murder, adultery, seduction, and prostitution. The first of these is characterized in this nervous language:

Behold with giant stride Ambition tow'rs,
His red arm bare, his buskins steep'd in gore;
With Satan's pride assume the awful rod,
Spurn little earth, and emulate a God:
In his steel'd breast each softer passion dies,
With all the train of tender amities;
Fair Meekness droops, unhonour'd, and un-
cheer'd,
And weeping Pity pours her wail unheard.

Crit. Rev.

LVIII. *The Circuit of Life, a Vision; in which are allegorically described the Virtues and Vices; taken from the Tablature of Cebes, a disciple of Socrates, for the instruction of Youth.* 1s.

THE allegorical form of composition was greatly practised by the ancients, and is undoubtedly attended with the advantage of conveying moral instruction in an agreeable manner. Among the productions of this kind, the Tablature of Cebes is particularly descriptive. There we find the virtues and the vices delineated with the hand of a philosopher, who was well acquainted with human life and manners, and could distinguish the different sources from whence happiness and misery arise. The production now before us is an imitation of the work of Cebes, and may be considered as an ingenious allegory.—*Crit. Rev.*

LIX. *A plain Grammar of the Hebrew Language, adapted to the Use of Schools.* By the Rev. W. H. Barker, A. B. 1s. 6d.

THIS work is drawn in an easy and compendious form, and will undoubtedly facilitate the study of the Hebrew, even to such as are strangers to the principles of all grammar.—*Crit. Rev.*

LX. *Observations and Experiments on the Poisson of Lead.* By Tho. Percival, M. D. 2s.

ABOUT six years ago Dr. Baker excited the attention of the public by his Essay concerning the Cause of the Endemial Colic of Devonshire, which he imputed to a solution of lead used in the vats wherein the cyder of that country is prepared. The justness of this opinion was disputed by some other writers, and the controversy was variously agitated for some time. Whatever opinion the faculty may entertain on that subject, however, it appears beyond dispute that there is in lead a quality pernicious to the nerves of animals, when this metal is so much subtilized as to penetrate their bodies. To prove this point is the design of the treatise before us, which is the production of an author who has more than once favoured the world with valuable medical observations and experiments.

Dr. Percival sets forth with observing that the action of lead is not confined to the human species, but exerts its deleterious powers likewise on quadrupeds and birds. In support

of

of this remark, he produces the following instances:

"A gentleman in Staffordshire used to feed his hounds in troughs lined with lead, and they never hunted but three or four of them fell down during the chase, convulsed and seemingly in agonies of pain. A friend suggested to the owner of the dogs, that these convulsions might possibly arise from some portion of lead dissolved in their food. The leaden troughs were therefore removed, and the hounds from that time were entirely free from this disorder.

"An intelligent plumber in Manchester assures me, that he is unable to keep a cat in his house above a month or two. The animal soon sickens, becomes rough in his coat, listless, emaciated, and dies in a short time of a marasmus. These symptoms he ascribes to the particles of lead scattered upon the floor of his workshop, which adhering to the feet of the cat, and being licked off, are swallowed, and exert their virulent powers immediately on the stomach and bowels.

"A red linnet, very lively and in perfect health, and which had been long used to confinement in a cage, was placed in a parlour, recently painted with lead. The bird soon sickened, continually gasped for breath, and died in a few days.

"A lady who is attentive to the feeding of her poultry, had troughs of lead made for them, on account of their being more durable and cleanly. After the use of these she observed that her fowls and chicken became sickly, spiritless, and emaciated. The food she gives them consists of bread, potatoes, barley, &c. mixed with butter-milk. The latter ingredient is a powerful solvent of lead, and thus poison is mingled with their nourishment.

"A number of ducks and geese, the property of a painter, were all killed by being confined, a single night, in a place supplied with the water in which his brushes had been steeped, to prevent their becoming dry."

The author afterwards enquires into the validity of the opinion of Mr. Goulard, (who maintains that the external use of lead is never attended with any of the pernicious effects produced by administering it internally,) and acknowledges himself to be of opinion with Dr. Baker, that lead when externally applied, sometimes produces effects similar to those which arise from its internal administration. The following, among other facts, are recited with a view of confirming this opinion.

"Three years ago a young man had a tumour of the spine, which had resisted various discutient remedies. An emollient cataplasm, mixed with the extractum saturni of Goulard, was applied. In a few hours he was seized with violent pains in the bowels, and severe cramps in the extremities, which ceased soon after the cataplasm was removed.

"The governor of the workhouse in Manchester, aged upwards of seventy years, had a large ulcer in his leg, which was washed several times in the day with the saturnine water of Goulard, and then covered with an emollient poultice, which contained a small quantity of the extract of lead. After using these applications four days, he became affected with the colic, and also with paralytic symptoms, which, though slight in degree, could not fail to be alarming. The preparations of lead were therefore discontinued, a dose of oleum Ricini was administered, and he soon recovered from these adventitious complaints.

"I have been assured from undoubted authority that Dr. A—— had a slight paralytic affection of his legs, by the practice of setting his feet every evening on a piece of lead placed near the fire. And that a dog, by lying on it, was entirely deprived of the use of his limbs."

The second section of this treatise contains observations concerning the effects of lead, which the author has collected in Derbyshire, tending also to prove the existence of a noxious quality in that metal.

Dr. Percival next presents us with some experiments which he made with the design of ascertaining an opinion he had conceived, that fixed air might have the property of dissolving lead in water; and that this poisonous mineral might thus gain admission into the human body from fountains unsuspected, and even celebrated for counteracting its pernicious effects. Dr. Falconer's remark, that the leaden cistern, which serves as a reservoir for the Bath water at the spring, was much corroded on the inside, induced our author to try whether that water was not a solvent of lead. The experiment, he ingeniously informs us, convinced him of the fallacy of his reasoning, and of the caution with which conclusions from analogy should be formed, on philosophical subjects.

To this experiment we shall subjoin our author's observations on common red sealing wafers, which, he says, it is of importance to know are poisonous, and that it is very absurd economy to purchase such on account of their cheapness. The polished Irish wafers seem to contain no lead. He here introduces instances of birds being killed by eating a few small scraps of wafers.

In a postscript to these Observations, Dr. Percival takes notice, that two books of cookery, lately published, contain receipts for recovering wine when sour, and preventing it from becoming so by means of ceruse, and of melted lead. As this is a practice of the most pernicious tendency, it ought to be universally exploded, and we would warn all persons who regard their own health, or that of others, to refrain from an expedient which may be productive of such fatal effects.—*Crit. Rev.*

LXI. *Four Traſts, together with two Sermons, on political and commercial Subjects. By Joſiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Glouceſter.*—(See *Art.* xxxii.)

HAVING juſt mentioned theſe Traſts in our Miſcellany for February, and ſeleſted a temporary extract, to ſhow this able writer's opinion of employing military force againſt the refractory Americans, we now propoſe to take a more enlarged view of the Doctor's ſyſtem of national commerce, and to trace his argument from beginning to end.

The *fiſt* Traſt, the Doctor informs his readers, was never before printed, and is intended as a ſort of baſis on which the ſucceeding arguments are founded. The *ſecond* was printed in 1763, juſt after the peace, and lay by neglected for more than a year; the mob and the news-writers being all for war, very few readers could be found for ſubjects relative to peace; it has ſince met with more general approbation. The *third* was written towards the cloſe of the debate about the American ſtamp-aſt; and the character it aſſumes is that of a merchant in London to his nephew in America; and is not altogether ſcitiſious; for an elderly gentleman, long verſed in the North-American trade, deſired him, he ſays, to write on the ſubject, and furniſhed him with materials; but when the Treatiſe was finiſhed, though the gentleman admitted the premiſes, he was ſtartled at the concluſion, and ſtared as if he had ſeen a ſpectre. He was therefore, at that time, obliged to give a different turn to the concluſion. And now to make the concluſion correſpond with the premiſes, he has written

A *fourth* Traſt, wherein he has attempted to ſhow what is the true intereſt of Great-Britain with reſpect to the colonies; than which nothing could be more reaſonable.

To theſe four traſts the Doctor has ſubjoined two ſermons, as by placing them there, many, he thinks, may now read them who never would have looked into them, had they been printed in a collection of religious traſts.

This being premiſed, we ſhall now proceed.

The great queſtion reſolved in the *fiſt* traſt, is, "Whether a rich country can ſtand in competition with a poor country, (of equal natural advantages,) in raiſing of proviſions, and cheapneſs of manufactures?" This queſtion aroſe in conſequence of a correſpondence, in the year 1753, with a gentleman in North-Britain, eminently diſtinguiſhed in the republic of letters.

In the ſolution of this queſtion, the Doctor ſtates it, as an univerſally received notion, that trade and manufactures, *if left at full liberty*, will always deſcend from a richer to a poorer country, till in proceſs of time, the poorer country becomes the richer in its turn, and the other the poorer; and then the courſe

of trade will turn again; ſo that, by attending to this change, the comparative riches or poverty of any ſtate may be diſcovered.

This univerſally received notion the Doctor undertakes to refute. The arguments brought in ſupport of it are well known, and need hardly be repeated. —Where riches abound, proviſions are dear, —cloathing dear, —houſe-rent dear, —every neceſſary of life dear —and the price of labour high; —conſequently the price of manufacturing of goods muſt be high in proportion. Whereas in poor countries, where every neceſſary of life is cheap, —rent cheap, —labour cheap —the manufacturing of goods muſt be cheap in proportion, and, by being brought cheaper to market, *if left at full liberty*, will unavoidably carry away the trade.

To refute this notion, the Doctor ſtates a caſe in point, and ſuppoſing "England and Scotland to be two contiguous independent kingdoms, equal in ſize, ſituation, and all natural advantages; ſuppoſing likewiſe, that the numbers in both were nearly equal; but that England had acquired twenty millions of current ſpecie, and Scotland had only a tenth part of that ſum, viz. two millions; the queſtion now is, Whether England will be able to ſupport itſelf in its ſuperior influence, wealth, and credit; or be continually on the decline in trade and manufactures, till it is ſunk into a parity with Scotland, ſo that the current ſpecie of both nations will be brought to be juſt the ſame, viz. eleven millions each?"

Now, to ſolve this queſtion, the Doctor very judiciously enquires, How this ſuperior wealth was acquired? If by *accident*, England cannot long maintain its ſuperiority; if by *industry*, for ever.

"CASE I. England has got 20,000,000l. of ſpecie, by diſcoveries of very rich mines, by ſucceſſful privateering, by the trade of jewels, by foreign acquisitions, or in ſhort, by any other conceivable method, except by univerſal industry, and application.

"According to this ſtate, it ſeems evidently to follow, that the proviſions and manufactures of ſuch a country would bear a moſt enormous price while this fluſh of money laſted; and that for the two following reaſons, viz. 1^{ſt}, a people enriched by ſuch improper means as theſe, would not know the real value of money, but would give any price that was aſked; their ſuperior folly and extravagance being the only evidence which they could produce of their ſuperior riches. 2^{dly}, At the ſame time that proviſions and manufactures would bear ſuch an exceſſive price, the quantity thereof raiſed or made within the kingdom would be leſs than ever; inasmuch as the cart and the plough, the anvil, the wheel, and the loom, would certainly be laid aſide, for theſe quicker and eaſier arts of getting rich, and becoming ſine gentlemen and ladies; becauſe all perſons, whether male or female, would endeavour to

put themselves in fortune's way, and hope to catch as much as they could of this golden shower. Hence the number of coaches, post-chaises, and all other vehicles of pleasure would prodigiously increase; while the usual fers of farmer's carts and waggons proportionably decreased; the sons of lower tradesmen and labourers would be converted into spruce powdered footmen; and that robust breed, which used to supply the calls for laborious occupations, and common manufactures, would turn off to commence barbers and hair-dressers, dancing-masters, players, fidlers, pimps, and gamesters. As to the female sex, it is no difficult matter to foresee what would be the fate of the younger, the more sprightly, and pleasing part among them. In short, the whole people would take a new turn; and, while agriculture, and the ordinary mechanic trades, became shamefully neglected, the professions which subsist by procuring amusements and diversions, and exhibiting allurements and temptations, would be amazingly increased, and indeed, for a time, enriched; so that, from being a nation of bees producing honey, they would become a nation of drones to eat it up. In such a case, certain it is, that their industrious neighbours would soon drain them of this quantity of specie, and not only drain them, so far as to reduce them to a level with the poor country, but also sink them into the lowest state of abject poverty.

"CASE II. England has acquired *twenty millions* in the way of *general industry*; by giving the people a free scope without any exclusion, confinement, or monopoly;—by annexing burdens to celibacy, and honours and privileges to the married state;—by constituting such laws as diffuse the wealth of the parents more equally among the children, than the present laws of Europe generally do; by modelling the taxes in such a manner, that all things hurtful to the public good shall be rendered proportionably dear; and all things necessary or useful, proportionably cheap; and, in short, by every other conceivable method, whereby the drones of society may be converted into bees, and the bees be prevented from degenerating back into drones.

"Therefore, as we are to suppose, that by such means as these *South-Britons* have accumulated 20,000,000*l.* in specie, while the *North-Britons* have no more than 2,000,000*l.*: the question now is, which of these two nations can afford to raise provisions, and sell their manufactures on the cheapest terms?

"On the side of the poorer nation, it is alleged, that seeing it has much less money, and yet is equal in size, situation, and other natural advantages, equal also in numbers of people, and those equally willing to be diligent and industrious; it cannot be but that such a country must have a manifest advantage over the rich one in point of its partimen-

nious way of living, low wages, and consequently cheap manufactures.

"On the contrary, the rich country hath the following advantages:

"1st, As the richer country hath acquired its superior wealth by industry, it is therefore in possession of an established trade and credit, large correspondences, experienced agents and factors, commodious shops, work-houses, magazines, &c. also a great variety of the best tools and implements in the various kinds of manufactures, and engines for abridging labour; add to these, good roads, canals, and other artificial communications; quays, docks, wharfs, and piers; numbers of ships, good pilots, and trained sailors;—and in respect to husbandry and agriculture, it is likewise in possession of good enclosures, drains, waterings, artificial grasses, great stocks, and consequently the greater plenty of manures; also a great variety of ploughs, harrows, &c. suited to the different soils; and in short, of every other superior method of husbandry arising from long experience, various and expensive trials. Whereas the poor country has, for the most part, all these things to seek after and procure.

"2^{dy}, The richer country is not only in possession of these things already made and settled, but also of superior skill and knowledge; and therefore, though both may be improving every day, yet the *practical* knowledge of the poorer in agriculture and manufactures will always be found to keep at a respectful distance behind that of the richer country.

"3^{dy}, The richer country is not only more *knowing*, but is also *more able* than the other to make further improvements, by laying out large sums of money in the prosecution of the intended plan. Whereas the poor country has here again the mortification to find the want of ability in many cases an insuperable bar to its rise and advancement.

"4^{thly}, The higher wages of the rich country, and the greater scope and encouragement given for the exertion of genius, industry, and ambition, will naturally determine a great many men of spirit and enterprize to forsake their own poor country, and settle in the richer; so that the one will always drain the other of the flower of its inhabitants; whereas there are not the same temptations for the best hands and artists of a rich country to forsake the best pay, and settle in a poor one.

"5^{thly}, In the richer country, where the demands are great and constant, every manufacture that requires various processes is divided and subdivided into separate and distinct branches; whereby each person becomes more expert, and also more expeditious in the particular part assigned him. Whereas in a poor country, the same person is obliged by necessity to undertake such different branches as prevent him from excelling, or being expeditious in any. In such a case,

a case, is it not much cheaper to give 2s. 6d. a day in the rich country to the nimble and adroit artist, than it is to give only 6d. in the poor one, to the tedious, and aukward bungler?

"Lastly, in the richer country, the superiority of the capital will ensure the vending of all goods on the cheapest terms; because a man of 2000*l.* capital can certainly sell much cheaper than he who has only a capital of 200*l.* For if the one only gets 10*l.* per cent. per annum for his money, that will bring him an income of 200*l.* a year; whereas the other, with his poor capital of 200*l.* must get a profit of at least 20*l.* per cent. in order to have an income just above the degree of a common journeyman."

So much for the reasoning part. The Dr. next proceeds to enquire how stand the facts.

Were the greater quantity of specie to enhance the price of provisions and manufactures in the manner usually supposed, the consequence would be, that all goods whatever would be proportionably dearer in a rich country than in a poor country; the very reverse of which is the fact. For it may be laid down as a general proposition, that *complicated and expensive manufactures* are cheapest in rich countries, and *raw materials* in poor ones.

Corn, for instance, is raised at great expence, and employs a great number of hands in the various processes; yet wheat is cheaper in England than in Scotland or Wales.

Garden-stuff of all sorts is raised about London at a vast expence, rent dear, and wages high; yet garden-stuff is cheaper in London than in either of the countries just mentioned.

Cattle, on the contrary, that require little expence, and employ few hands in rearing, are cheaper in those countries than in England.

Wood and timber, unwrought, is always cheapest in poor countries; but when highly manufactured, dearest. Cabinet work, highly enriched, is as cheap or cheaper in London than in Scotland; and ships of equal goodness, in the former as in the latter.

The same holds good in the building of large and sumptuous houses, where many hands and many artists are employed in finishing and enriching them.

Metals afford still more striking instances of the truth of this proposition. Iron, in Sweden, a country poor enough, is cheap. When exported, it pays a duty to the Swedish government; when imported here, another duty to this government. It is moreover burthened with freight; yet when manufactured into wares that require several processes, it is sold cheaper in London than in Stockholm; and the Swedes, who have attempted to rival the English manufactures, have lost money by almost every article.

From these instances, and many others which he has adduced, equally striking, the

Doctor concludes, that a poor country can never rival a rich one in the more operose and expensive branches of a manufacture; and that a rich country can never lose its trade while it retains its industry.

LXII. *An Essay towards a Natural History of the County of Dublin, accommodated to the noble Design of the Dublin Society.* By John Rutty, M. D. 8vo. 2 vols. 12*s.*

DR. Rutty's task being confined to what strictly constitutes the science of natural history, his details will seem dry to the generality of readers; but they will be equally acceptable to the philosophical enquirer, the medical investigator, the cultivator of husbandry, and, in brief, to all who wish to become acquainted with the natural productions, and the present state, of every part of the British empire. *Monthly Review.*

LXIII. *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica: or, a select Collection of State Papers. Consisting of royal instructions, directions, dispatches, and letters.—To which are added, some historical Tracts. The whole illustrating and opening the political system of the chief Governors and Government of Ireland, during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First.* 8vo. 2 vols. 12*s.* bound.

"STATE-Papers," says a late historian, [Rolph] who was more conversant with memorials of that sort, than any other writer of this country, "are the very chart and compass of history. While we sail by their direction, we sail with certainty, as well as safety; and when those lights fail us, we are forced, in a great degree, to grope and guess our way, and to content ourselves with probability only."—This is undoubtedly true; and yet, as the same author hath farther observed, "the bulk of readers, in all ages, require no more than a smooth, even, flowery tale; and are never more disgusted than when their course is interrupted by a labyrinth of thwarting facts and arguments, which it equally puzzles them either to investigate or pass over."—Men, however, who have experience of the world, and who do not chuse to become the dupes of credulity, have a different way of thinking, and love to tread on surer ground. With them declamation and representation will pass for no more than they are intrinsically worth; and a few important facts, well ascertained and established, will outweigh all the fine writing that ever dazzled the eye, or delighted the imagination, of superficial readers.

Several of the papers inserted in this collection are written by persons of the Roman Catholic party, or by moderate men, such as the poet describes,

Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus, in an honest mean.

The papers here alluded to, will afford considerable information to those who have

only been conversant with the Protestant writers on the affairs of Ireland; and all men, we know, will lie for their party. Here, then, the impartial bystander will, in some measure, be enabled to judge of the merits of either side, and to strike the balance between truth and falsehood, in this account of religious and political claims and encroachments, bigotry and craft, subtlety and violence.

The obvious tendency of this publication, is to foster the prejudices of the Protestants against the Roman Catholics of Ireland.—*Monthly Review.*

LXIV. *The Search after Happiness; a pastoral drama. The 3d edition. 1s. 6d.*

TO this edition a very spirited epilogue is added, which was spoken when the poem was performed by a set of young ladies.

In this epilogue Miss More thus liberally compliments her Sister-Authors:

When moral Carter breathes the strain divine,
And Aikin's life flows faultless as her line;
When all-accomplish'd Montague can spread
Fresh-gather'd laurels round her Shakespear's head;

When wit and worth in polish'd Brooks unite,
And fair Macaulay claims a Livy's right.

Bravissimo! Encore! Encore!

[*Monthly Rev.*

LXV. *Shakespeare's Plays, as they are now performed at the Theatres Royal in London; regulated from the prompt books of each house, by permission. With Notes critical and illustrative. By the authors of the Dramatic Censor. 5 vols. 8vo. 25s.*

"In every work regard the writer's end,
"Since none can compass more than they
"intend."

THE above precept of Mr. Pope's, occurred to us on looking into this impression of Shakespeare's acting plays, which is not set in competition with any other edition, because it is executed on a different plan, and intended to answer a different purpose. The great aim of former editors has been to give us Shakespeare restored; the professed design of this, perhaps more popular work, is to present the less critical reader with Shakespeare as altered and accommodated to the taste of an age more refined than that in which the author lived and wrote,—more capable of tasting his beauties, and less apt to relish or even tolerate his defects. Those beauties, it must, to the honour of the stage, be allowed, are judiciously retained in the plays of this great poet, as acted at either theatre;

"* "Though this edition is not meant for the profoundly learned, nor the deeply studious, who love to find out and chase their own critical game; yet we flatter ourselves both parties may perceive fresh ideas started for speculation and reflection."

EDITOR'S Pref. *Advertisement.*

and the deformities are, for the most part, with equal choice and discernment, expunged;

"The rhiming clowns that gadded Shakes-

"peare's age,

No more with Crambo entertain the stage,"

&c.

With undoubted propriety, therefore, have the present editors observed, that the most enthusiastic admirers of Shakespear—those who worship him as the god of their idolatry, scruple not to admit that even his "most regular pieces produce some scenes and passages, highly derogatory to his incomparable merit; that he frequently trifles, is now and then obscure and sometimes, to gratify a vitiated age, indelicate." It is, further, with equal truth remarked, by way of apology for the faults of this wonderful genius, that they "may justly be attributed to the loose, quibbling, licentious taste of his time;" and that he, "no doubt, on many occasions, wrote wildly, merely to gratify the public; as Dryden wrote bombastically, and Congreve obscenely, to indulge the humours, and engage the favour of their audiences."

"Why then," our editor asks, "should not the noble monument he has left us,—be restored to due proportion and natural lustre, by sweeping off those cobwebs, and that dust of depraved opinion, which Shakespear was unfortunately forced to throw on them;—forced, we say, for it is no strain of imagination to suppose that the Goths and Vandals of criticism, who frequented the theatre in his days, would, like those who over-ran the Roman empire, have destroyed and consigned to barbarous oblivion the sublime beauties which they could not relish; and it is matter of great question with us, whether the *Fool* in *King Lear* was not a more general favorite, than the old monarch himself."

The above considerations, we are told, first suggested the idea which hath produced the present edition; and among the peculiar uses of a printed copy of Shakespear's plays, with the text regulated according to the prompters books, the editors have observed, that those who take books to the theatre, will not be puzzled to accompany the speaker, nor over apt to condemn the performers for being imperfect, when they pass over what is designedly omitted. Here, however, it is observed, that as some passages, of great merit for the closet, are never spoken, such, though omitted in the text, are here carefully preserved in the notes.—*Men. Rev.*

† "One glaring chaos, and wild heap of wit."

POPE.

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

SAUCE for a boiled SHOULDER
of MUTTON. A TALE.

WERE you to travel Britain thorough,
From the Land's-end to Edinburgh,
You would not find, in all your rout,
A sign of any kind of note,
But where George St**ns is known as well
As you or I at Stilton Bell.*
Oft, at the Greyhound inn in Bury, †
My landlord makes us vastly merry
About the wine which George sent there
For his own drinking at the fair.

Of all the men in being, sure
There's not a greater epicure!
So dainty, whimsical, and nice,
No house desir'd to see him twice:
Was dinner e'er so elegant,
He always would have some complaint:
Nothing was ever fit to touch,
These drest too little, those too much;
Sometimes 'twas this, and sometimes that,
This was too lean, and that too fat;
While still the more they strove to please,
The more dissatisfied he was,
'Till Ned at length was bid to drag
The Glo'ster cheese from leathern bag, ‡
George thanking, for his grace, the Lord,
That ev'ry place would bread afford.

Not long since, at the Swan in Dedham, §
A humorous trick the hostess play'd him:
'George, having turn'd his horse in stable,
Goes to purveying for his table,
Old Martha asked him if he'd please
To have a fowl, or duck and pease;
Beef-flakes, veal cutlets she could get, or
A joint of mutton—"Nothing better,"
Cries George, "a shoulder—get it done
"Gaint I return—let's see—at one."
At once the dinner came, and St**ns
Began to curse them for their pains; [folks
"Roasted!—Humph!—O my God! these
"Are just as fit for saints as cooks,
"You have not seen, I dare engage,
"A shoulder of mutton roast this age.
"Would any with a grain of sense
"Have drest'd it thus? here take it hence.
"By Jove, I know no better thing,
"Why, 'tis a dinner for a king,
"If I might but have had it boil'd;
"But roast!—z—nds! 'tis entirely spoil'd.
"Roast shoulder o' mutton, with a pox!
"Ah! Cod sends meat, the Devil cooks.

* A celebrated inn in Huntingdonshire.

† Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk.

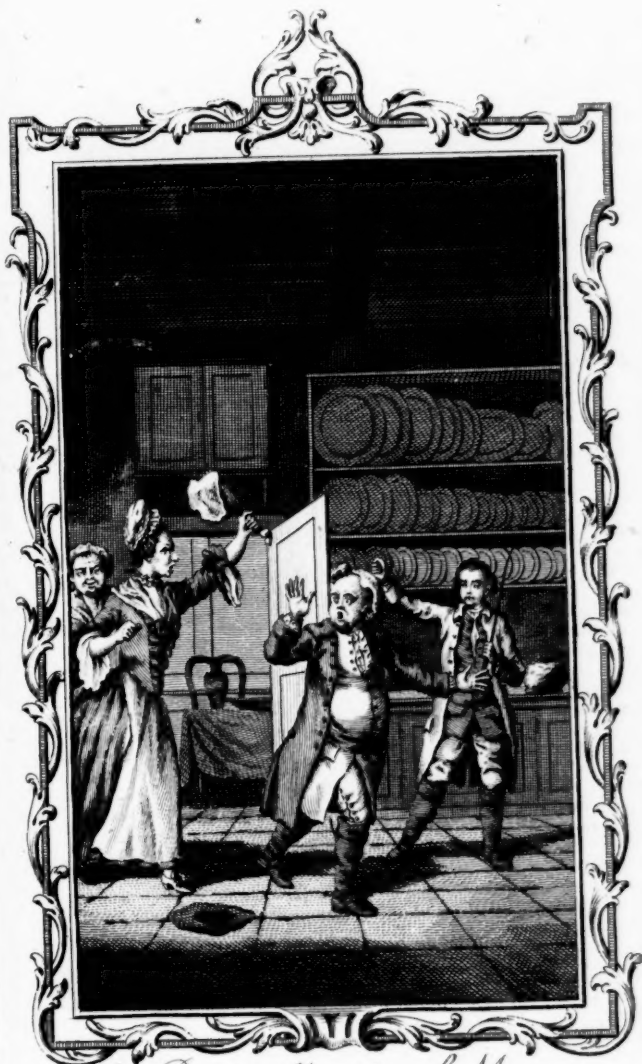
‡ This gentleman usually travelled with a servant, who carried in the bags a piece of Gloucester cheese, which his mistress, when in those vagaries, was often sent to order out for his dinner.

§ A small town in Essex.

"Roast it, forsooth!—Old Harry roast her!
"Come, Ned, bring out the end of Glo'ster,
"Thank Heav'n, we're not yet so bad,
"But bread may even here be had.—"
"Sir," she replies, "I'm quite uneasy
"The mutton is not drest to please ye;
"We always roast 'em here; however,
"I promise, Sir, that I'll endeavour,
"When next you favour me to call at
"My house, to drest it to your palate."

Well, having sworn and eat his fill,
Order'd his horse, and paid his bill,
He took his leave.—Next year it chanc'd,
As towards Dedham George advanc'd,
Her son, who, as the story goes,
Was keeping near the road her cows,
'Spy'd him, a nearer way ran home,
And—"Mother, here's the gem'man come,
(Breathless thro' haste exclaims the child)
"That loves the shoulder o' mutton boil'd."
My hostess, without more ado,
Resolv'd, the thought, to fit him now,
Sent round the town, a shoulder got,
And straightway claps it in the pot.
Dinner was serv'd, and now appears,
My landlady, with open ears,
Expecting to have had them fill'd
With praises of the mutton boil'd.
"Heigh! bl-d and o-ns! what have we here?
"A shoulder of mutton boil'd, I swear.
"My G-d!—a shoulder boil'd!—till now
"I ne'er saw such a sight, I vow.
"Would any, with a grain of sense,
"Have boil'd a shoulder?—Take it hence.
"By Jove, I know no better thing,
"Why, 'tis a dinner for a King,
"If I might but have had it roast;
"Pho! carrion is as good almost.
"No mortal, sure, like me is serv'd,
"I wonder, faith, I am not starv'd:
"Here, bring us out the Glo'ster, Ned,
"Perhaps we can make shift for bread;
"Unless (God knows 'tis like enough!)
"The blockheads too have boil'd the loaf."

The hostess now all patience lost,
'Villain! since neither boil'd nor roast,'
She cries, 'will suit your dainty jaws,
'I'll try to please you with the sauce.'
So saying, by the flank she takes
The mutton, and, with arm like Slack's,
Brandishes high in air, then flaps
It reeking hot in George's chaps;
Now this, now that side, till his face
Was buried beneath blood and grease:
He, as unable to withstand
The weight of her victorious hand,
As erst renowned Hudibras
The force of matchless Trulla was,
Thro' the re-echoing kitchen reels,
She with the mutton at his heels,



The Boild Shoulder of Mutton

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Nor ever looks behind him more
Until he gains the stable-door:
Then mounts with greatest diligence,
Nor e'er 's been seen at D-dham since.

+++++
TOASTS for the Year MDCCCLXXIV.

TO the H***s let me toast—"Tis to one I
aspire:
May this be my last, if aught else I desire!

THE mother's beauty join'd to father's wit,
Will claim a bumper to the blooming P***.

TO toast little K*** without money's no
flame;
And now she's a fortune—*Why, toast her again.*

I FILL the glass to sprightly ANN,
The female's envy, the desire of man:
She checks each wanton fancy of the mind:
We dare not hope, yet die to have her kind.

MY toast and my liquor shall both be divine:
I drink to the B***ks, and champagne is
my wine. [*Wilm. Mag.*]

+++++

THE SEARCH of HAPPINESS;
Or, The VISION.

[*From Original Poems, Translations, and Imitations. By a Lady.*]

HOW did my youthful fancy glow,
To seize each gay delight!
What joys then sprung from brilliant show,
Where song or dance invite!

On wing of sportive mirth still borne,
The moments fled away:
Diversions path was trac'd each morn,
To guide the trifling day,

At length th' attractive pleasure o'er,
Enjoying thought serene:
Reflexion shed her rays, no more
I taste the gaudy scene.

My fancy painted purer joys;
Unmix'd with folly's glare:
By reason weigh'd, her gilded toys,
Like bubbles, burst in air.

With eager wish to snatch the prize
Of bliss, without alloy,
I sought the mazy path that lies
Thro' wisdom's lucid way.

From what the Grecian sages spoke,
Content I hop'd to find;
And Plato's shade with zeal invoke,
To guide an untaught mind.

His maxims glow with virtue's fire:
Sublime in every thought!

O! who can read, and not aspire
To reach the morals taught?

But Plato, in his daring flight,
Like the bold eagle soars;

His thoughts, replete with dazzling light,
In vain my view explores.

NIGHT. An ELEGY.

'SCAP'D from the noisy world's bewitch-
ing power,
Where endless Discord holds her cheerless
reign,

From folly's trifling train I steal an hour,
And dedicate to Night the youthful train.

Now balmy slumbers soothe the cares of toil,
Sweet sleeps the peasant in his humble cot;
Now Flattery's flippant tongue lies still a-
while,

And all the labour of the day's forgot.

Cynthia, emerging from the crimson'd East,
Moves slowly onward with her starry train;
And sober Night, in dusky mantle dress'd,
Resumes once more her awful silent reign;

Save where the mastiff, on the village-green,
Barks wildly at the wan moon's glimmer-
ing ray;

Save where the drowsy owl, with dismal mien,
Hoots lonely on the dew-bespangled spray;

Save where the rill, whose many banks are clad
With plaintive willows, waving o'er the
stream, [glade,

Comes softly murmur'ing thro' the peaceful
And silver'd glitters in the quiv'ring gleam;

Save where the raven, from her airy nest,
'Mid woods impervious to the midnight
moon,

Lulls with her dreary songs her young to rest,
While weary Nature mourns her beauties
gone.

When at this solemn hour the slumber'ing
world

Lies long prostrate on the downy couch,
And Rie's sons, in mere confusion hurl'd,
Prolong the revels of the mad debauch;

Oft let me wander near the heath-clad hill,
O'er whose high top beams sweet the star
of eve:

Or tread beside the daisy margin'd rill,
And ev'ry scene of vice and folly leave;

And there hold converse with the sacred muse,
With Night's seraphic bard, immortal
Young!

In memory's fair page his strains peruse,
How sweet he warbled, and how sad he
sung:

Or feel the force of Thomson's deathless song,
Who copied Nature in each different hue;
Who, soft as Sappho, and as Pindar strong,
Describ'd such scenes as Shakespeare never
drew.

There let me meditate on themes divine,
Whose blissful influence high exalts the
soul;

Or bend at Wisdom's ever glorious shrine,
And learn the throbbing passions to con-
trol.

There quick-ey'd Fancy's airy flights pursue,
That wake to ecstasy, and thoughts sublime,
In heav'n's bright concave with amazement
view

"The God of nature, and the God of time."

Bless

Blest solitude! how sweet thy peaceful scenes!
Where Contemplation's vot'ries love to stray;

Where, in her sapient dress, Religion reigns,
And shines more splendid than the noon-tide ray.

FOR THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On the Death of RALPH THOMAS, who was Fellow of King's College in Cambridge, one of the Masters of Eton School, and an Officer in the Army at the Time of his Death.

By the late ingenious Dr. OLIVER, of Bath.

WEEP all ye Wits, who ever laugh'd before,
Th—se, your fav'rite Th—se jokes no more:

No more his Attic salt, his Roman fire,
The social band delighted shall admire:
Hush'd be all harmony, except the strain
That's taught in mournful numbers to complain,

How He, who sounds celestial cou'd combine,*

Was snatch'd from earth in heavenly choirs
to join,

Ye Poets, too, companions of his youth,
Quit all your fables, and adorn the truth;
In elegiac plaints his story tell,
How lov'd he liv'd, and how lamented fell.

* He was the best gentleman performer on the fiddle of his time.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

[From Dr. Dunkin's Poetical Works.]

IF e'er in thy sight I found favour, Apollo,
Defend me from all the disasters, which follow:

From the knaves, and the fools, and the fops
of the time,

From the drudges in prose, and the triflers
in rhyme:

From the patch-work, and toils of the royal
sack-bibber,

Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of
Cibber:

From servile attendance on men in high places,
Their worships, and honours, and lordships,
and graces:

From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
Who hear, and receive, but will do nothing
for thee:

From being caref'd, to be best in the lurch,
The tool of a party, in state, or in church;
From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as
Turks,

And petulant bards, who repeat their own
works;

From all the gay things of a drawing-room
show,

The sight of a belle, and the smell of a beau:
From busy back-biters, and tatters, and car-
pers,

[sharpers:

And scabby acquaintance with seditious and

From old politicians, and coffee-house lec-
tures,

The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of
projectors;

From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a
pension,

The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an
ensign;

From shallow free-thinkers, in taverns dis-
puting,

Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting;
From the constant good fare of another man's
board,

My lady's broad hints, & the jests of my lord;
From hearing old chymists prelecting *de deo*,

And reading of Dutch commentators in folio;
From waiting, like Gay, whole years at
Whitehall;

From the pride of great wits, and the envy
of small;

From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
Which they finely lay out on fine toys, and
fine trincums;

From the pranks of ridottoes, and court-
masquerades,

The snares of young jilts, and the spite of
old maids;

From a faucey dull stage, and submitting to
share

In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r;

From Curl, and such printers, as would have
me curst

To write second parts, let who will write the
first;

From all pious patriots, who would, to their
best,

Put on a new tax, and take off an old test;
From the faith of informers, the fangs of the
law,

And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser
in awe;

From a poor country cure, that living inter-
ment,

With a wife, and no prospect of any prefer-
ment;

From scribbling for hire, when my credit is
funk,

To buy a new coat, and to line an old trunk;
From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at
their tables,

Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their
stables;

From the nobles and commons, who bound
in strict leagues are

To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to
Heidegger;

From the cant of fanatics, the jargon of schools,
The censures of wise men, and praises of fools;

From critics, who never read Latin, or Greek,
And pedants, who boast they read both all
the week;

From borrowing wit, to repay it like Budget,
Or lending, like Pope, to be paid by a cudgel.

If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
From these, and such evils, Apollo, defend me;

And let me be rather but honest with no wit,
Than a noisy, nonsensical half-witted poet.

ELEGY

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MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

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ELEGY to RESIGNATION.

The ARGUMENT.

HILARIO was a student at one of the Universities, and more than once has written for public inspection.—At an early age he lost his father, and soon after he had taken his degree, he lost his mother also, whose death brought him an estate, that might have been of singular benefit to him, but for its being already promised to his numerous creditors.—Hilario had too much exceeded the bounds of reason; for, not having philosophy enough to moderate his inclinations, he very often purchased pleasure at the dearest price.—One fortune being expended, another yet was wanting to discharge his debts;—and not being able to satisfy the increasing demands upon him, he was thrown into prison, where he wrote the following Poem.

O Refignation; meek-ey'd fair, descend
From the bright realms of happiness
above! [end,
Where transport reigns, and glory knows no
Where all is pleasure, harmony, and love.
Thou that in solitude, or lonely cell,
Or pensive Contemplation's moss-grown
bow'r,
With virtuous mourners ever lov'st to dwell,
The sweet companion of the thoughtful
hour!

By thy blest influence alone 'tis giv'n
To know that all affliction comes from God;
With just submission to the will of Heav'n,
Thy vot'ries kneel, and humbly kiss the rod.
Thou varying Fortune shift her fickle scene,
On these smiles or frowns alike in vain,
Who unappall'd survey, with look serene,
Each idle storm of life's tempestuous main.
Thou sickness taint the vivid blush of health,
Calm and untroubled is their better part;
Thou grief succeed to joy, or want to wealth,
Still thy enlivening presence cheers the heart.
Thy smiles unbend the wrinkled brow of care,
And bid the hapless Orphan's tear be dry;
Sooth the wild rage of madness and despair
In pain, in sorrow, and in poverty.

My wounded heart, thou sweet physician, heal!
Deign o'er my soul to shed thy balm divine!
For ah! the pangs I've felt—the pangs I feel,
Yield to no pow'r, or only yield to thine.

Where will my sorrows and misfortunes end?
For early taught in sharp affliction's school,
Without a parent, and without a friend,
I seem to learn adversity by rule.

Hard fate! the loss of liberty to mourn,
And waste in durance youth's just opening
bloom!

By every friend deserted and forlorn!
No ray of hope to pierce the hideous gloom.
What now to me is Nature's glorious plan?
Th' instructive page, or Cupid's soft alarms?
Freedom, the noblest privilege of man,
Love's pleasing pains, or e'en ELIZA'S
charms?

MISCELL. VOL. I.

Yet, gen'rous Maid! at sweet Compassion's
call,

Thy tender heart was mov'd, and thine
Thine eye the tear of sympathy let fall,
And deign'd to weep for sorrows not its
own.

O had my fate—but stop thy tow'ring flight,
Presumptuous Muse! nor dare to soar so
high!

Let hapless Damon, banish'd from her sight,
Unpity'd live, and unlamented die!

Yet (for 'tis all I can) while breath remains,
Thou and my woes shall share my suff'ring
heart:

Witness these artless melancholy strains;
Her mem'ry can with life alone depart.

INFELIX.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

THE NEEDLE. A POEM.

By J. K. Taylor, of Plymouth.

AEONIAN muses! let my ardent soul
Your animating, genial fire imbibe,
And glow with inspiration all-divine,
While I the merits of the NEEDLE sing:
That tiny implement of wondrous use
To Jaanet Taylor, or the Sempstress trim,
And which, in ev'ry changing scene of life,
Is found of universal benefit,
Surely demands, in gratitude, a verse!

Thou pretty, slender, polish'd instrument!
Who can commend thee to thy true desert,
Or who enough can thy inventor praise?
(But *He*, alas! is fatally forgot,
And lies obscur'd in dull oblivion's cave,
Hid by the gloom of a dark Gothic night.)
To thee what great conveniences we owe!
Without thy aid cou'd FRIABLE shine in lace,
Or cloaths new-fashion'd, in the crowded
Mall?

Alas, how little thinks the powder'd top,
That it is chiefly to thy help he owes
The gaudy trappings of his boasted dress!

But mark the contrast of this light-brain'd
Beau,

And see yon deep-read Sage, with formal face
And solemn step advance;—each object round
He calmly views with philosophic eye.—
His coat antique, of rusty sable hue,
(As he deduces *causes* from *effects*)
Does not unnotic'd pass, but he remarks
The various changes that it undergoes
E'en from the fleece unto its present form;
Nor art thou in this nice review look'd o'er,
But he revolves, with scrutinizing mind,
Thy great utility; for well he knows
The manufacturer in vain doth ply
His lab'ring heart, and heave the shapless
work;

It still remains an undigested mass,
'Till *thou* (by Taylor guided) join'st each part,
And from a seeming chaos form'st a COAT.
Thus musing he proceeds, with arms entwined
And down-cast looks,—when, lo! perchance
his eye

Beholds

U

Beholds thee glancing near the channel's side,
Swept by the careles's prentice from the shop
Of Haberdasher—oh, unwor'ty plight!
Instant he stoops, and snatches thee away
From thy impending ruin; on his sleeve
He places thee, and homeward bends his steps,
There to repose him, and to rub away
The spatter'd dirt which on his stockings
hangs,

In this employ, should there a chafin rend,
Strait for thy aid he calls, and on his nose
The optics plac'd, with careful, trembling
hand,

A yard of worsted thro' thine eye conveys,
And by thy means repairs the hapless breach.

Nor let us, 'midst thy qualities, forget
The kind assistance which thou giv'st to *Kate*,
As by the fire she mends her tatter'd cloaths,
Or darts, with rustic skill, her *Fog's* hose:
While he, in *Morpheus'* downy letters bound,
Sits snoring by her side, insensible.
When *Kate*, with gentle touch, and wanton
leer,

Applies thy point into his hand, or leg;
Up starts the 'waken'd clown, and in revenge
Imprints a thousand kisses on her lips.

But oh! how blest, how happy is thy fate,
When my *Priscilla's** lovely fingers guide thee
Thro' all the mazes of embroidery!
Directed by her lilly hand, you lead
The silk of vivid hue, with curious art
To form the mimic flow'r, or thro' the thin
Contexture of transparent lawn you pierce,
And follow'd by the finest thread, you place
The Brussels border on the flower'd scarf.

Thou dear companion of industrious maids,
Where'er thou art, or of whatever size,
Whether in *hauweise* or enamel'd case,
Possess't by *Chloe*, or by humble *Kate*,
O may'st thou ever meet with due regard!
No more be slighted, or a trifle deem'd,
But equal to thy use, and great importance,
Be of each beauteous maid the chief delight!
May the loose novel, and the vague romance
(Insidious sappers of the virtuous mind)
Neglected lie upon the dusty shelf,
While *thou*, alternate with domestic care,
And harmless mirth, employ their happy
hours,
And glide them smoothly o'er the stream of
time!

* *Miss B—TT*, of *Weymouth*.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

AN ELEGY

On the Death of WILLIAM LIEWELIN, the
philosophic Cellier of Mangersfield in Gloucester-
shire, who died the 2d of Dec. 1773, aged 86.

HE's gone! another Newton dies;
His mortal part returns to dust;
His soul ascends to range the skies,
And shine in glory with the just.

What tho' his fortune-plac'd him low,
And gloomy caverns gave him meat,
'Twas his that truest bliss to know,
Which dwells but seldom with the great.
Often would his aspiring mind
Travel the wide creation o'er,
And rove thro' distant worlds on high,
His Maker's glory to explore.

But, ah! how vain his studies here,
To shew him all his soul desir'd!
Tho' much he knew, his soaring mind
To greater knowledge still aspir'd.

Amongst the glorious works of God,
With new inventions of his own,
He sought discoveries of his pow'r,
To mortal eyes before unknown.

He needs not now those helps he sought,
Those artificial * eyes he made;
No clouds there intercept his view,
No mists his prying eyes invade.

Now is that knowledge all complete,
He labour'd much in life to gain,
For which his nights he sleepless spent,
And exercis'd his fertile brain.

Disrob'd of all that clogs the mind,
And hinders perfect knowledge here,
He soars thro' regions unconfin'd,
And sees the hand that rolls the spheres:
That hand unseen, that pow'r unknown
By mortals growling here below,
That made all nature's vast machine,
And bids her wheels his guidance know.

He joins th' angelic Host in light,
That glorious Being to adore:
Fresh admiration and delight
Reward his labours evermore.

Shall *Saturn* boast the Sun's enliv'ning rays,
And *Mercury* be silent in his praise?
Shall distant † friends the great man's worth
proclaim,

And not his native village speak his fame?

Mangersfield, Feb. 1774.

J. C.

* He made optical instruments.

† In reference to the verses on the same occasion
by a gentleman of *Marl's* field.

To the Memory of JAMES LACY, Esq; late
Manager of Drury-lane Theatre.

YE who have fill'd piety, draw near,
And with a grateful pen bestow a tear!
One generous tear on manly Lacy's grave,
The last sad tribute to the wife and brave!

To the Right Hon. Lady AUGUSTA DE BURGH.

'T WAS dearth of genius, I confess, which
drove

My muse to rob the Heliconian grove;
Convinc'd, she found her little native stream
Was far unequal to the boundless theme:
Therefore the muse, like the industrious bee,
Stole every flower to weave a wreath for thee.

IN

IN the summer of the year 1718, the Bishop of Winchester, with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Sir Richard Steele, made a visit of a few days at Blenheim House, by invitation; where he found the ladies and gentlemen of the family, and a few of the neighbourhood, had got up the tragedy of *All for Love*, to entertain the Duke of Marlborough, who had shewn, before this, some symptoms of that paralytic disorder which impaired his senses, and at length terminated in a total decay, and his dissolution. Lady Bateman, (one of his Grace's grand-daughters by the Earl of Sunderland,) who played the part of Cleopatra, had in vain applied to Sir Richard Steele for a prologue on that extraordinary occasion, and seemed chagrined at the disappointment. At night, when the family retired, the Bishop desired pen, ink, and paper, might be brought to his chamber, and the next morning at breakfast, presented to Lady Bateman the following prologue; which she spoke, the same evening, to the Duke and Duchess, his Grace shedding tears at the unexpected compliment from a favourite grand-child.

*A hasty Prologue to ALL FOR LOVE, * asked at Blenheim-House, in the summer, 1718, written by Bishop Hoadly, and spoke by Lady Bateman, who acted Cleopatra.*

WHILE antient dames and heroes in us live,
And scenes of love and war we here revive,
Greater in each, in each more fortunate,
Than all that ever ages past call'd great.
O Marlbro', think not wrong that I thee name,

And first do homage to thy brighter fame:
Beauty and virtue with each other strove,
To move and recompense thy early love;
Beauty, which Egypt's Queen could never boast,

And virtue, she ne'er knew or quickly lost.
A soul so form'd and cloath'd heav'n must design,

For such a soul, and such a form, as thine.
But call'd from soft repose, and beauty's charms,

Thy louder fame is spoke in feats of arms.
The fabled stories of great Philip's son,
By thy great deeds the world has seen out-done;

The Cæsars that Rome boasted yield their bays,

And own, in justice, thy superior praise:
They fought the empire of the world to gain,

But thou to break the haughty tyrant's chain;

They fought t'enslave mankind, but thou to free

Whole nations from detested slavery:

* This is the only copy of verse (as far as is known) of the Bishop's composition.

"Their guilty paths to grandeur taught to hate

"By virtue, nor to blush for being great."||
This heap of stones which Blenheim's palace frame,

Rose in this form, a monument to thy name:
This heap of stones must crumble into sand,
But thy great name shall through all ages stand.

In fate's dark book I see thy long-liv'd name,
And thus the certain prophecy proclaim:

"One shall arise who shall thy deeds rehearse,
"Not in arch'd roofs, or in suspected verse;

"But in plain annals of each glorious year,

"With pomp of truth the story shall appear:

"Long after Blenheim's walls shall moulder'd lie,

"Or, blown by winds, to distant countries fly,

"By him shall thy great actions all survive,

"And by thy name shall his be taught to live."

O cherish the remains of life; survey

Those years of glory which can ne'er decay:

Enjoy the best reward below allow'd,

The memory of past actions great and good!

|| These two lines, from Dryden's *Aurungzeb*, seem the worst in the whole poem, both as to sound and obscurity.

THE CHARACTER of a GOOD PARSON.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE was, (so Chaucer hands the story down,)

A good old man, the parson of a town,
Meetly array'd in humble, fable weeds;
And poor in purse, but rich in holy deeds.
Pure was his heart, and able was his head,
Deep vers'd in books, but most in scripture read;

True to the text, his doctrines would he preach,

And each parishioner devoutly teach
Without the help of puzzling gloss absurd,

Benign in thought, and affable in word,
Of heart undaunted, in demeanor mild,

A man of God, but of the world a child.
Few minutes from his office would he spare,

His patience only could surpass his care,
Through frequent trials of distress approv'd,

District, true touchstone of the faith he lov'd!
Full both was he, although he wanted shoes,

To breathe anathemas for unpaid dues:
But rather from his own domestic store,

With pious hands reliev'd the parish poor,
Though much he gave, on little went to live,

He only liv'd, that many more might live.
Wide was his parish, and the house stood

Afunder; yet thro' thunder, hail, or flood,
At morning by the dawn, or evening late,

He steer'd his journey to the sick man's gate;
Uncheck'd by fevers of infectious rage,

He walk'd: A staff sustain'd his awful age.
This good example to his flock he brought,

That first he gave, and afterwards he taught.

BACULUS BACULORUM:

Or, The STICK of STICKS.

Non arma virumque cano sed cano baculum.

LET these the musky scented meads describe,
 'Till long description pall Attention's ear;
 And those of Amaryl and Daphne tell,
 Till Venus pity and fulfil their loves;
 Let some their revels Bacchanalian
 (Revels liquor-urg'd, till languid reason
 Dröwn'd in folly quit her mental throne,
 And yield to laughing madness drunken joy.)
 When morning clears the visual nerve, extol
 And praise what cool reflection should disdain:
 And others, in soft pastoral, rehearse,
 Or Tempe's charms or swains Arcadian,
 Thrice happy in their simple state of life,
 Thrice happy in their loves,—loves undiseas'd
 With foul intrigue, the Debauchee's delight;
 Delight which terminates in loathsome
 thought.

I say, let others fancy please as best
 It suits their genius, muse, and turn;
 And * CORNWELL, multiloquent of screw
 For cork design'd, or of his caxon preach,
 Of potent porter, or of pudding sing:
 I sing my stick, pre-cminent of sticks,
 Torn from its mother crab in hedge of thorn,
 In the first lustrum of its hopeful growth.
 What time its tap'ring top, the hedge's top
 Above began to tower, and own the tree
 From whence descended, it was giv'n to shoot
 To grace my hand; eradicated now,
 It feels no more the spring's enliv'ning ray,
 Nor buds obedient to the season kind,
 Or gives to summer green or autumn leaf.
 Strange revolution! in the oven laid
 It sweats profuse, and yields to fashion fair,
 By carvers beauty-forming hand display'd.
 Rare art! Is it then to thee I owe
 The many beauties which my stick adorn?
 The polish'd nodes, and the depressions
 smooth,

Like hills and dales irregularly seen,
 In vernal view romantically gay,
 The spiry twists, the polish'd node between,
 Add ornamental strength, and grace the
 whole.

Nor must its lustrous head remain unsung:
 It great ones may to small ones be compar'd,
 Its head majestic bears a crown, a crown
 Pinchbeckian, whose ample belly beds
 A dagger for its foe, its master's foe:
 For who my stick offends, me must offend,
 And hurt my pride, intolerable pain!
 The stroke of pride, without resentment keen,
 Who ever could, or ever will endure?
 My stick I highly prize; beware ye beasts,
 Nor me attack when Syrius' fatal power
 The fatal hydrophobia deems
 To race ferocious; or Bacchus blust'ring
 In the heated breast of youth courageous,
 Unreasonably bold, and seeking whom
 He may insult. O let his better fate

Or genius reign, and lull him into sleep
 Before he loads me with absurd reproach,
 Gr by the goad of fancied wrong awakes
 The ready vengeance of my parlous arm.
 When from his urn Aquarius pours profuse
 The liquid burden of the pregnant clouds,
 And dirt obscene misgives unwary feet,
 Me shall my stick uphold, and save me from
 Th' offending bosom of the mry ground,
 When ev'ning shuts the closing eye of day,
 And I the bower'd path alone explore,
 Meand'ring through a tedious way of wood,
 In whose dark before many a ruffian lurks
 For purpose dark! The poor benighted swain
 To rob, and seal per chance that robbery with
 blood:—

Then shall, e'er faithful to my cause, my stick
 Upon the bloody foe reck vengeance warm,
 And lay the villain trembling at my feet,
 Thro' farmers yards or by the tanners pits,
 Where'er I wander with my plant in hand,
 I fearless walk, nor dread the rage of dogs.
 A time there was when as I saunter'd slow,
 Absorb'd in thought, a mastiff fierce and loud
 Broke on my silence, and my dog abus'd:
 Nor him abus'd alone, but snarl'd at me
 Appall'd: till from its cavern dark I hurl'd
 The pointed terror of insulting curs;
 Mindless awhile of which the bravo stood,
 And held in scorn the menace of my arm;
 'Till sudden piercing thro' his nether leg,
 I dealt the sharp premeditated wound;
 Then hideous cries proclaim'd his near escape,
 Proclaim'd at distance, for long way he ran,
 And frighten'd all his species with his howls.
 Such service merits the reward of praise,
 And praise I will the weapon of my guard;
 Nor grudge the beau his scabbarded defence,
 For mode more priz'd than priz'd for real use,
 The sword I covet not, give me my stick,
 And fear occasion for its use, ye curs
 Of every kind, or human or canine.

[Sent. Mag.]

BAVINICO.

EPIGRAMS.

On a LADY of a Disaffected Family's wearing
 Orange-colour'd Ribbons on the King's Birth-
 Day.

YOU little Tory, where's the jest
 To wear the Orange in your breast,
 When the same breast so plainly shows
 The whiteness of the Rebel Rose?

On a HASTY WEDDING.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
 But poor's the joy, no coin possessing,
 In ancient times, when folks did wed,
 'Twas to be one at "board and bed,"
 But hard's his case, who can't afford
 His chamber either bed or board.

On a SERMON against INOCULATION.

WE'RE told, by one of the black robe,
 The devil inoculated Job:
 Suppose 'tis true what he does tell;
 Pray, neighbours, did not Job do well?

* See Similes of Parnassus, by Johnny Cornwell.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

THE changeable State of the Weather has prevented any Alteration in the Drefs of the LADIES or GENTLEMEN this Month, which ftill remains the fame as given in our Miscellany for January and February.

Riding-Habits of colour'd Caffimere, with narrow Lappels, and Frock Sleeves buttoned clofe to the Wriſt;—Sattin or Silk Waitcoats, huſſard, and Frogs, with ſmall Flaps inſtead of Belts;—Baver Hats, with a Button, Loop, and Bow behind, a Bow on the Left Side, and a plain Ribbon round the Crown,—are the preſent fashionable Morning Drefs of the Ladies.

Births, Marriages, Deaths, Preferments, Prices of Corn and Stocks.

B I R T H S.

Feb. 24. About half an hour after fix this evening, the Queen was happily delivered of a Prince, (being her tenth child). His Grace the Archbiſhop of Canterbury, ſeveral Lords of his Majeſty's moſt honourable Privy Council, and the Ladies of her Majeſty's Bed-Chamber, were preſent. This great event was ſoon after made known by the firing of the Tower guns. Her Majeſty is, God be praiſed, as well as can be expected; and the young Prince is in perfect health.

The Princeſs Royal, conſort of the Prince of Orange and Naſſau, ſtadtholder of the United Provinces, of a Prince.

Her Grace the Duchefs of Gordon, of a daughter at Gordon-Caſtle.

A Son to the Lady of Sir Thomas Hallifax, of Birchin-lane.

M A R R I E D.

Lord Ducie, to Miſs Ramſden, daughter of the late Sir John Ramſden, Bart. of Birom.

Arthur Acheſon, Eſq; eldeſt ſon of the Right Hon. Sir Archibald Acheſon, Bart. of the kingdom of Ireland, to Miſs Pole, daughter of the late Lieut. General Pole.

William Henry Lyttleton, Eſq; to Miſs Caroline Briſtow, daughter of the late John Briſtow, Eſq; Sub-Governor of the South Sea Company.

The Rev. Mr. Greenhood, of Calne, Wilts, to Miſs Bailey of the ſame place.

At Bath, Corn. Norton, Eſq; to Mrs. Wilton, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Wilton.

James Weſt, Eſq; ſon of the late preſident of the Royal Society, to Miſs Wren, daughter of Chriſtopher Wren, Eſq; of Wroxhall in Warwickſhire.

Dr. Murray, phyſician, of Norfolk-ſtreet, to Miſs Wilmer, of Stoke Newington.

John Clutterbuck, Eſq; of Newcastle, to Miſs Lyon, of Retford, couſin to the Earl of Strathmore, with a fortune of 20,000*l*.

Robert de Pellive, of Normandy, to Miſs Charlotte Butts, fourth daughter of Dr. Butts, late Lord Biſhop of Ely.

The Rev. Mr. Marmaduke Johnſon, of Forſett, in Yorkſhire, to Miſs Nancy Graham.

John Hanbury, Eſq; one of the members for Monmouthſhire, to Miſs Lewis, eldeſt daughter of Morgan Lewis, of St. Pierre, Eſq.

John Beckett, Eſq; banker, at Leeds, to Miſs Wilſon, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Wilſon, one of the canon reſidentiaries of St. Paul's.

Upton Jennings, Eſq; of St. Stephen's, near Canterbury, to Miſs Freeman, of Mark-lane, London.

At Topham, Mr. William Sandford, attorney, to Miſs Francis.

At Newcaſtle, Thomas Yorke, of Halton-place in Yorkſhire, Eſq; to Miſs Reay, daughter of Joſeph Reay, Eſq.

Samuel Clowes, jun. Eſq; to Miſs M. Tipping, youngeſt daughter of Mr. Tipping, merchant, of Manchester.

The Rev. Mr. Garrard, of Bromley, Wilts, aged 75, to Mrs. Turner, reſiſt of Capt. Turner, of Briſtol, aged 73.

Joſeph Standiſh Hunt, Eſq; of Huntingdon, to Miſs Maria Tatum, of Hilton.

**** Woodcock, Eſq; late an Officer in Gen. Moltyn's dragoons, to Miſs Harris, daughter of Mr. Alderman Harris, of Glouceſter.

At Langunnwd, Edmund Traherne, Eſq; to Miſs Popkin, of Contrahen.

The Rev. Mr. Wheatear, to Miſs Coſiam, of Hiaſting in Suffex.

Mr. James Thomas, merchant, to Miſs Sargen, of Briſtol.

Henry Lippincott, Eſq; of Briſtol, to Miſs Jefferies, ſiſter of the late Cann Jefferies, Eſq; of Stoke Biſhop; a lady poſſeſſed of many amiable accompliſhments, and a fortune of 40,000*l*.

James Martin, Eſq; to Miſs Skipp, daughter of John Skipp, Eſq; of Ledbury in Herefordſhire.

The Rev. Mr. Gabell, rector of Stanlake, to Miſs Gough, eldeſt daughter of the late Dr. Gough, Eſq; of Souldern in Oxfordſhire.

Benjamin Feanley, Eſq; of Gray's Inn, to Miſs Heron, daughter of the late John Heron, Eſq; of Newark upon Trent.

James Monk, Eſq; of the Middle-Temple, to Miſs Adams, of Weſtminſter.

At Writlington in Somerſet, Timothy Weaver, to Hannah Spark; a couple who had lived together upwards of 40 years, and have had 24 children born and baptiz'd, and never but one at a birth.

D I E D.

Jan. 21. At half an hour after twelve the Grand Seigneur expired, and at half an hour after two the guns from the seraglio announced his funeral.

Capt. John Ferguson, in his passage to India.

At Sealy near Cadiz: aged 117, Mr. Richard Gibson, a wealthy farmer there.

In Cecil-street, Strand, Christopher Mufsey Rich, Esq; aged 81.

Suddenly in his carriage, on the road to Hammer-smith, Wm. Skinner, Esq; a young gentleman only 24 years of age, whose corpulence 'tis imagined occasioned his death.

In the rules of the King's-bench, where he had been confined for six years, Mrs. Eleanor Foote, mother of Samuel Foote, Esq; our modern Aristophanes, in her 86th year.

At Hackney, aged 87, William Isaac Kops, Esq; a Dutch merchant.

Mrs. Batt, a widow lady, aged 82, daughter of the late George Jarvis, Esq; of Wring-ton-Place in Somerset.

At Waltham-tow, Charles Gough, Esq.

At Hoxton, Counsellor Haynes, aged 85.

Mrs. Braithwaite, relict of the late Colonel Braithwaite, aged 83.

At Newburgh in Yorkshire, the Right Hon. Thomas Earl Fauconberg; who is succeeded in title and estates by his only surviving son Henry Lord Belafaye, now Earl Fauconberg.

At Caine, Wilts, Hunericord Sibbald, Esq.

Mrs. Duncombe, mother to Tho. Duncomb, Esq; member for Downton, Wilts.

Suddenly, Mr. Best, attorney at law, of Basingstoke.

Mrs. Brown, relict of the late Francis Brown, Esq; merchant, of Bristol.

Miss Gordon, daughter of Robert Gordon, Esq; mayor of Bristol.

Mr. Brown, distiller, of Bristol.

At the Hague, aged 120, the Sieur de la Haye, a native of France, who was at the taking of Utrecht in 1673, and at the battle of Malplaquet in 1705. He travelled by land into Egypt, Persia, the Indies, and China; married at 70, and had five children.

Archibald Douglas, Esq; brother to the Rev. Dr. Douglas, prebendary of Durham.

After a tedious illness, Miss Grosvenor, sister to the Right Hon. Lord Grosvenor.

At Tiverton, aged 85, Mrs. Glas, mother of Dr. Glas, of Exeter.

At Exeter, Mrs. Brayne, widow of the late Mr. Alderman Brayne.

Walter Serocold, Esq; of Fulbourn in Cambridgeshire.

At Cottenham in Cambridgeshire, aged near 120, Mrs. Elizabeth Graves; she has left three sons and one daughter, whose ages together amount to 314 years: she was grandmother to 28, and great-grandmother to 43.

Mr. James Parsons, of Portsmouth Common, merchant.

William Rich, Esq; brother to the late Mr. Rich, patentee of Covent-garden theatre.

At Lambeth, Mr. Robert Baggrave, Fredor in Doctors Commons.

The Rev. Dr. Griffith, rector of Bishop's-stoke, Hants.

At St. Mary in Cornwall, the Rev. Charles Peters, M. A. rector of that parish, and author of the Critical Dissertation on the

Book of Job.

Robert Jones, Esq; of Ebraham House, Cambridge, member of Parliament for Huntingdon, and one of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House.

The Hon. Mrs. Moleworth, relict of the Hon. Edward Moleworth, Esq; and aunt to the present Lord Viscount Moleworth.

The Lady of Ashton Curzen, Esq; member for Chichester in Lancashire, and sister to Lord Grosvenor.

Walter Knight, Esq; of Ruscombe, Berks, in the 75th year of his age.

At Hamstead, aged 82, Dr. Anthony Akecr, physician to St. Bartholomew's and Christ's Hospitals, and register and fellow of the Royal College of physicians, London.

At East Retford, John Mallon, Esq.

The Rev. Mr. Robert Barron, rector of Bawdeswell and Themilthorpe in Norfolk.

The Rev. Mr. Jackson, rector of Waltham in Lincolnshire.

The Rev. Mr. Holmes, vicar of Willingham in Northamptonshire.

The Rev. Richard Oram, M. A. rector of Northwold in Norfolk, and of Laverington in Cambridgeshire.

At Stamford in Lincolnshire, far advanced in years, the Rev. Mr. Linthwaite.

At Camberwell, Cornet Gray, Esq; aged 67.

At Maford, near Exeter, Philip Drake, Esq; barrister at law.

In an epileptic fit, the Rev. Benj. Ridding, rector of Brightwell in Berks.

At Paris, aged 74, M. de la Condamine, Knt. of the royal and military orders, member of the French academy of sciences, F. R. S. at London, Berlin, Peterburgh, &c.

celebrated for his voyage, with others, by order of the French king, to determine the figure of the earth, &c.

Lady Almeria Lindsey, relict of the deceased Sir Alexander Lindsey, of Evelick, Bart.

Francis Mitchell, Esq; brother of the late Commodore Mitchell.

Aged 2 years, the Right Hon. Lady Anne Parker, youngest dau. of Earl Macclesfield.

In Africa, Mr. Berlin, a native of Sweden, and pupil to the celebrated Linnaeus.

The Rev. Mr. James Hargrave, rector of Little Wigborough in Essex.

At Jamaica, Capt. Henry Watfon, of Bristol.

Suddenly, as he was at breakfast, Mr. Francis Loader, of Holland's-place in the parish of St. Dunstons, aged 83.

At Tortworth in Gloucestershire, Mrs. Mary Lepley, a widow lady of that place.

Mrs. Mchctabel Smithson, many years house-keeper to the Duke and Dutchess of Northumberland.

At Mile-End, Mr. Stockford, an eminent callico-printer.

Wm. Falter, Esq; of Portman-square.

Capt. Robert Gregory, of the Royal navy.

At Croft, in the north-riding of Yorkshire, aged 85, Henry Chapter, Esq.

In Dublin, Mr. James Cox, late an attorney in London.

On Endicott Chase, Spearling Holloway, Esq; late a purser in the East-India service.

At Lambeth parish, **** Robottom, Esq.

Mr. Scamack, wine-merchant, in Lower-Thames-street.

In Ireland, Mr. Wm. Barty, aged 100 years; who carried a pair of colours at the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim.

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After a short illness, the Right Hon. the Earl of Galloway.

Charles James Conolly, Esq; a member of the Irish Parliament.

Mr. Charles Elishop, of Warwick-Court, near Newgate-street, attorney.

At Kensington, Peter Leheup, Esq.

In Lancashire, Sir William Horton, Bart.

— Viner, Esq; late a silk-ribbon-weaver, in Spital-fields.

After many years confinement in the Fleet-prison, Mr. Robert Nevitt, possessed of a capital estate at Nantwich in Cheshire.

Caius Thompson, Esq; sheriff for the town and county of Kingston upon Hull.

At Twickenham, Nathaniel Lloyd, Esq.

In Lothbury, John Barton, Esq; formerly an Irish merchant.

Dr. Arnaud, aged 76 years.

Dr. Dowsett, lately elected physician to the Charter-house.

Mr. John Weeks, son of the late Alderman Weeks, of Bristol.

At Bath, Sir Marmaduke Aftly Wyvill, Bart. of Constable Burton, in Yorkshire.

Michael Fravie, Esq; (formerly Sir Michael Fravie,) an attainted Baronet in George the First's reign.

At Binfield, near Wokingham, Berks, Wm. Pitt, Esq; aged seventy-two years. He was the second in descent of the ancient family of the Pitts in Dorsetshire, uncle to George Pitt, of Stratfieldsea, Esq; and to General Pitt, of Heckfield in Hants, and elder brother to John Pitt, of Sunninghill, Esq; who succeeds him in his immense fortune.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Sherriffe, many years an actor of acknowledged merit, on the Bath and other theatres.

Mr. Samuel Jefferies, an eminent clothier, of Sherborne.

At Bath, after a few hours illness, Morton Davison, Esq; of Beamish in Durham.

The Hon. Mrs. Ann Gray, wife of William Gray of Baledgarno in Scotland, Esq.

Miss Stephenfon, sister to the member of that name for St. Michael.

At Bath, John Gwilt, Esq; of Chestnut, in Hertfordshire.

The Rev. Mr. Meekirk, rector of Chelsfield and Farnborough, in Kent.

At Peckham in Surry, Edmund Cock, Esq.

Mr. Thomas Cadwallader, attorney at law, of Whittlesea in the Isle of Ely.

The Lady of Johnson Wilkinson, Esq; of the General Post Office.

Mr. William Brett, many years grocer at Lewes, in Sussex.

The Rev. Dr. Andrews, rector of Stanway, near Colchester.

Charles Dodd, Esq; in the commission of the peace for Middlesex.

At his house near Westminster-Abbey, the Rev. Mr. Woodeson.

At Lisbon, where he went for the recovery of his health, James Short, Esq.

At Bath, Miss Kent, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Kent, of Pottern, near Devizes, Wilts.

At Bath, Mrs. Sarah Boulting, a maiden lady, and daughter of the late Wm. Boulting, Esq; of Wells.

At Evercreech in Somerset, Mrs. Hayes, a maiden lady.

Mr. Jeff, head butler of the Middle Temple.

The Rev. Mr. Harrison, minister of West-Titherly, and of Baddeley, in Hants.

James Chetwynd, Esq; barrister at law.

The Rev. Mr. Metcalf, rector of Kirkby-Overblow in Yorkshire.

Aged 82, the Rev. Charles Cooper, M. A. rector of Oswaldkirk and of Foston in Yorkshire, prebendary of Riccal, and 33 years residentiary canon of York.

At Wear-Giffard, near Barnstaple, Devon, Margery Boneyant, aged 114. She retained all her senses perfect at the last, and could read the smallest print without the assistance of a glass.

Suddenly in his shop, Mr. Westbrooke, cheesemonger in White-chapel.

PREFERRED.

Rev. Mr. Brown, rector of Ingoldsthy in Lincolnshire, to be a chaplain to his Majesty.

Rev. Joseph Smith, A. M. of Oriel College, Oxford, to the rectory of Saltfleet St. Peter in Lincolnshire.

Rev. William Sergrove, M. A. fellow of Pembroke College, to the rectory of St. Aldate, Oxford.

Rev. Henry Jerner, M. A. of Burbage, Wilts, to the rectory of Rockhampton in Gloucestershire.

Rev. George Allen, A. M. to hold the rectory of St. Anne Sutton Bonnington, in Nottinghamshire.

Rev. Benjamin Underwood, M. A. to hold the united rectories of St. Mary Abchurch, and St. Lawrence Poultry in London; and also the rectory of East Barnet in Hertfordshire, worth 1000l. a year.

Rev. John Bradford, M. A. to hold the rectory of Ideford, together with the vicarage of Winkleigh, in Devon, worth 2600l. per ann.

Rev. Henry Chater, L.L.D. to hold the vicarage of Kirby Stephen in Westmoreland, together with the vicarage of Caterick, in Yorkshire, worth upwards of 6000l. a year.

Rev. Sir Peter Rivers, Bart. to the valuable rectory of Chelmsford in Essex, on the presentation of Lady Mildmay.

Rev. Mr. Green, to the vicarage of Grimston in Yorkshire, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Smith.

Rev. William Somerville, to the vicarage of Bibury, in Gloucestershire, together with the rectory of Atton Somerville, worth 5000l. per annum.

The Hon. and Rev. Dr. Nicholas Boscawen, by his brother the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Falmouth, to the rectory of St. Mahyn, in Cornwall, void by the death of the Rev. Dr. Peters.

Rev. Henry Jerome De Salis, A. M. to the rectory of St. Anthoin and St. John Baptist in Watling street.

Rev. Samuel Furrough, to the rectory of Heveningham, in Suffolk.

Rev. John Preston, to the rectory of Foston, in Yorkshire.

Rev. Mr. Jackson, to the rectory of Carleton St. Mary, in Norfolk.

Rev. Anthony Stevenson, M. A. to the rectory of Wimbury in Essex.

Rev. Richard White, to hold the vicarage of Thaxted, together with the rectory of Little Bardfield in Essex, worth 3500l. per ann.

The Rev. Stephen White, A.M. to the vicarage of Langtoft, in Lincolnshire.

Rev. Edward James, to the rectory of St. John, with the chapel of the Blessed Mary annexed, in Devizes, Wilts.

Rev. James Webster, LL. B. to hold the vicarage of Cawarne Magna in Herefordshire, with the perpetual curacy of Stroud in Gloucestershire.

Rev. Thomas Pentycroft, to the rectory of St. Mary Major, in Wallingford, Berks.

Rev. Samuel Holmes, B. A. to the vicarage of Barlington, in Yorkshire.

Rev. Mr. Simon Adams, to the rectory of Frenze in Norfolk, and also to the vicarage of Ubbetson in Suffolk.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

Sir Frederick Rogers, Bart, to be recorder of Plymouth.

Charles O'Hara, Gervas Parker Rushe, Henry Loftus, Edward Tighe, and St. John Jefferyes, Esqrs. to be Commissioners of Stamps in Ireland.

Mr. George Whateley, organist of Cirencester, to be one of the King's band of music.

General John Clavering, to be Commander in Chief of the East-India company's forces in India, with an express provision, that, in case of his succeeding to the office of Governor-General of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, such appointment shall immediately cease, and the Hon. Col. George Monlon be Commander in Chief.

Robert Supple, Esq; to be Captain-Lieutenant in the 41st regiment of foot, or invalids. Mr. West Hill, to be surgeon to the 53d regiment of foot.

Joshua Crump, Esq; to be Captain of a company in the 41st regiment of foot (or invalids) in the room of Capt. Lee, deceased.

Charles Taylor, Esq; to be Captain of a company in the 67th regiment of foot.

Sir Henry Banks, to be Colonel of the blue regiment of militia, in the room of the late Sir Robert Ladbroke.

4th reg. Dragoons, Tho. Bonham, Cornet. 10th reg. Dragoons, William Orby Hunter, Lieutenant. Wm. Sotheby, Cornet.

6th reg. Foot, Fryer Hadfield, Ensign. Francis Hopkins Adams, Ensign.

25th reg. Foot, William Adair, Ensign. 33d reg. Foot, Wm. Dansey, Captain. Richard Cotton, Lieutenant. Tho. Gorges, Ensign.

60th reg. Foot, (1st Battalion) Samuel Rutherford, Lieutenant. (2d Battalion) Tho. Flucker, Ensign. Donald McDonald, Adjutant.

William Cleland, to be Lieutenant in Lieut. Col. John Lind's independent company of Invalids at Hull.

John Ball, to be Lieutenant in Capt. Jonathan Forbes's independent company of Invalids, Sheerness.

Daniel Chamier, to be Commissary of stores and provisions in North America, vice Robert Leake, deceased.

Capt. James Mark Prevost, of the Royal American regiment of Foot, to be Major in America only.

Lord Ferrers (son of Lord Viscount Townshend) Captain of a troop in the 15th regiment of Light Dragoons.

From the London Gazette, March 5.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

From Feb. 21, to Feb. 26, 1774.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

Wheat. Rye. Barley. Oats. Beans.

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.
London 5 8 | 3 0 | 3 3 | 2 0 | 3 9

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex	5 8			3 7	2 6	3 9
Surrey	6 1	3 5		3 6	2 4	3 11
Hertford	6 2			3 8	2 4	3 11
Bedford	6 4	4 6		3 8	2 3	4 0
Cambridge	5 10	3 3		3 5	2 1	2 11
Huntingdon	6 2			3 8	2 2	3 4
Northampton	6 9	5 2		3 11	2 0	3 7
Rutland	6 9			4 1	2 1	3 3
Leicester	7 1	5 0		4 1	2 0	4 1
Nottingham	5 9	3 9		3 6	2 3	3 10
Derby	6 5			3 10	2 1	4 5
Stafford	6 4	4 7		4 1	2 1	4 4
Salop	6 3	4 8		3 9	2 0	4 9
Hereford	6 2			3 9	1 11	4 10
Worcester	6 9	4 6		3 4	2 4	4 7
Warwick	6 11			4 0	2 5	4 11
Glocester	7 1			3 3	2 5	5 0
Wiltshire	6 2			3 2	2 4	4 5
Berks	6 3			3 6	2 4	4 2
Oxford	6 7			3 7	2 6	4 5
Bucks	6 7			3 9	2 4	3 11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	5 7	3 3		3 4	2 1	3 4
Suffolk	5 7	2 10		3 2	2 0	2 11
Norfolk	6 3	3 1		2 11	2 2	3 3
Lincoln	6 2	4 0		3 4	1 10	2 7
York	5 9	3 10		3 4	2 0	3
Durham	5 6	4 6		3 3	2 0	3 11
Northumb.	5 6	4 0		3 0	2 2	3 9
Cumberland	5 8	3 6		2 10	1 9	3 6
Westmorel.	6 3	4 0		2 6	1 10	3 4
Lancashire	6 8			2 11	2 2	3 8
Cheshire	6 1			3 10	2 3	
Monmouth	6 3			3 7	1 7	4 7
Somerset	6 3			3 5	2 0	3 9
Devon	5 5			2 11	1 6	
Cornwall	5 3			2 10	1 5	
Dorset	6 3			2 10	2 2	4 4
Hampshire	5 7			3 0	2 2	4 0
Suffex	5 5			2 11	2 2	3 8
Kent	5 9			3 4	2 2	3 0

From February 14, to February 19, 1774.

W A L E S.

North Wales	5 6	4 5	3 1	1 7	4 0
South Wales	5 6	5 0	3 0	1 6	3 11

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Big.
5 1	3 6	2 8	2 2	2 6	2 3

Published by Authority of Parliament,
W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, March 5.

Bank stock, shut. India ditto, 140 a $\frac{1}{2}$.
South sea, ---. Ditto Old Ann. ---. Ditto
New Ann, 84 $\frac{1}{2}$. 3 per cent. Bank Ann, red.
87 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto Conf. 86 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto 1726, ---.
Ditto 1751, 83 $\frac{1}{2}$. Ditto India Ann. ---. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ -
half per cent. 1758, 88. 4 per cent. Conf.
1762, 92. India Bonds, 345, a 35s. prem.
Navy & Vict. Bills, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ disc. Long Ann, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$.
BRANSCOMBE and Co. Stock-Brokers,
At their Lottery-Office, No. 5, Holborn.